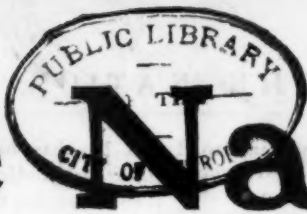


The Nation



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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

AN appalling railway disaster took place on Tuesday on the Midland Railway to a Glasgow express, which was stopped for want of steam on the steep incline near Hawes Junction. Just as it had begun to move again, it was crashed into by a second express, timed a few minutes later, which appears to have run past the Mallerstang signal in spite of the fact, alleged by the signalman, that the signals were against it. The results were appalling. Fifteen persons were killed, and many injured. The chief cause of this horrible sacrifice was that the train caught fire, owing either to sparks from the destroying engine or to the igniting of the now almost obsolete gas with which the train was lighted. It is possible, and the railway company alleges the fact, that the sufferers died quickly or instantly. But their remains were so charred that in Wednesday's newspapers no list could be published, and only their sex and bits of their clothing could be described.

On the opening of the inquiry, a grave series of errors of policy occurred, in which the Company and Major Pringle, the Board of Trade Inspector, were both involved. Major Pringle at once closed the inquiry to the press, on the ground that some of the men might make statements leading to criminal proceedings. This seems to us highly unsafe and

dangerous ground. In the first place, the burden of public suspicion does not rest upon the men, but upon the appliances and methods of the Company. In the second place, we do not believe that any court of law would be unduly prejudiced by the statements of men who, at the worst, could only have been guilty of error. Therefore the suggestion will inevitably rise, that it is the Company and not its servants which is likely to need the temporary protection of a secret inquiry. The "Daily Mail" seems to us to be right in leading a protest against the decision to "hush up," even though it be based on no more than a prudent official reserve.

But the conduct of the General Superintendent of the Midland Railway Company is still more open to question. The management of the Midland, unlike that of the London and North-Western, for example, is thought to be unusually arbitrary in relation to its workers. It is therefore most unfortunate that it has already laid itself open to a charge of intimidation, or at least of improper influence. Mr. Thomas, M.P., the Assistant Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, desired to attend the inquiry, on representations made to the Union by railwaymen. Mr. Paget first refused him a place in the special train to Kirkby Stephen, and then, when Major Pringle interceded for him, confined him to the saloon while he interviewed the railway workers concerned in the accident. As the result of this interview, the men withdrew their request for representation by Mr. Thomas, declaring that they meant to stick by the Company. Mr. Thomas, therefore, lost his *locus standi*, and Major Pringle would not admit him as a party to the inquiry.

Mr. THOMAS then made a series of very grave statements. He virtually declared that the accident was due to the inferiority of the coal supplied to the two engines. For that reason, both were short of steam. The first stopped dead, and the driver and stoker of the second had gone round the front of the engine in order to oil it at the moment when the signal was passed. Mr. Paget has not replied to this charge, but he has denied intimidation. We have only to say that Mr. Thomas's statements, right or wrong, are the essence of the inquiry, and that the perfect freedom of the men to say what they think or know, without intervention by the officials on whom their bread and butter depends, is equally vital.

In this connection the evidence of the "Times" correspondent is of great significance. This gentleman was invited by the railway management to use a south-bound Scottish express at Kirkby Stephen so that he might reach Leeds in time to telegraph his message. His experience practically repeated the story of the collision:—

"The train," he said, "went on a few miles, and then came to a dead stop at the Mallerstang signal, which the second express so fatefully passed on Tuesday morning. It stopped outside the signal-box for half an hour, and it was obstructed for this period by the engine of a goods train ahead, which had lost its steam on the same section on which the collision occurred. The train was accordingly forty minutes

late in arriving at Leeds. In this connection, too, I may repeat the remark made to me by a local resident two days ago. He declared that it was very unusual for the engine of a passenger train to lose its steam on this section, but that it was quite a common occurrence with goods engines."

This, of course, would seem to show that there is a permanent lack of power on the part of the Midland engines to mount this incline.

[Since writing the above, we learn that the inquiry is to be public.—ED., NATION.]

THE interest in Irish politics has shifted suddenly to Dublin, where social war has been raging with great violence, and some five hundred people are in hospital. The original quarrel was between the Dublin Tramway Company and the Irish Transport Union, and it was of the kind with which we are all familiar. The Company, with an able and powerful reactionary as its leader, wanted to break the Union, and the Union, on its side, possessed in Mr. Larkin, a leader who believes in strong language. There was material enough for a violent struggle without further provocation. Unhappily, last week Dublin Castle embarked on a disastrous intervention, taking the extraordinary course of proclaiming a strikers' meeting, and afterwards arresting Mr. Larkin. The strike leaders were so far accommodating as to abandon the prohibited meeting, and to arrange to meet elsewhere; but the greatest ill-feeling was caused, and Mr. Larkin, who was out on bail, promised his supporters that he would appear at the assembly. On Saturday night a crowd of rioters, infuriated by the arrest of their leader, attacked some tramcars, and street fighting followed which continued throughout the evening, thirty of the police and two hundred civilians being injured.

On Sunday, Mr. Larkin disguised himself, and appeared on the balcony of the Imperial Hotel. He was recognised by people in the street and cheered, whereupon the police, after arresting Mr. Larkin without difficulty or opposition of any kind, made an unprovoked attack on the people in the street, who were in most cases quite unconnected with the strike or Mr. Larkin's escapade. The brutality of the police on this occasion, and the entire absence of provocation, are attested by practically all the newspaper correspondents and by Mr. Handel Booth, who, with his wife, was an eye-witness, and an inquiry has been demanded by the Dublin Corporation and the four members for the city. Meanwhile, a very grave situation has been created by the decision of a meeting of some four hundred Dublin employers to refuse to employ any member of the Irish Transport Union. It is estimated that some 20,000 workers will be affected by this general declaration of war, of which, of course, Mr. William Murphy, the Chairman of the Tramway Company, is the inspirer and director.

MR. BIRRELL has written a letter to the President of his Association stating that owing to Mrs. Birrell's illness he is unable to address his constituents until November. In his letter he reviews the situation, and ridicules the notion that another General Election is necessary before Home Rule passes into law. He denies that Home Rule can be made the single issue at an election, or even on a Referendum. "People will vote as they choose, and for their own reasons." Meanwhile Sir Edward Carson has arranged for meetings of the Ulster Unionist Council this month, for the purpose of organising his Provisional Government. Mr. William O'Brien has returned to his proposal for a conference, suggesting the Speaker or Lord Loreburn as Chairman.

A boy has been arrested and sent to trial at Belfast for distributing a hand-bill, urging Irishmen not to enlist, saying that the army may be used against strikers. We are reminded of the prowess of Mr. Winkle.

LORD HALDANE's visit to America has been a signal success, and he pleased the newspaper men greatly by his willingness to talk, his real amiability, and his wide curiosity about life, sustained as it is by a rich fund of knowledge both of the world and of the things of the mind. At Montreal he gave an address before the American Bar Association (of the Canadian and United States Bars), which had met amongst other reasons to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the conclusion of peace at Ghent, after the last war between England and the United States. As the keeper of the Great Seal, the Lord Chancellor cannot leave England without the Royal consent, and in the course of his address Lord Haldane read a letter from the King giving the necessary permission to leave the country in order to address the Bar Association, and expressing the hope that the result of the meeting would be to increase the regard and esteem that the three countries felt towards each other.

THE first visit of a Lord Chancellor to America during his term of office, and the approaching centenary of the Treaty of Ghent would, together, have made an ideal occasion for an important political pronouncement; but Lord Haldane almost ostentatiously eschewed current politics. He discussed the spirit of the Common Law, which is the joint possession of England, the United States, and, to some extent, of Canada—a subject on which Sir F. Pollock gave some admirable lectures recently in America. This unwritten customary law, judge-delivered from the national consciousness, led him on to discuss the unwritten laws of conduct, the product of ingrained habit, obeyed instinctively as by second nature.

THIS spirit of obedience Lord Haldane expressed by the German word *Sittlichkeit*, which, like the school-boy's ideals of "good form," contained a sanction less than legal but more than moral. If this state existed within one nation, might it not also exist as between groups of nations? Might not this unwritten code of conduct be binding as between them, though enforced by neither legal nor physical sanction? Lord Haldane thinks so, and he sees in the development of this subconscious code of international morality the great hope for the future. In this way Lord Haldane surmounted what many feel to be the chief obstacle to the progress of international equity, that it has no physical sanction. There is no sanction so powerful as the "horror naturalis" at the violation of ethical habits of thought, ingrained by custom so as to become second nature. Unfortunately, Lord Haldane did not deal with the objections that such habits are very slow of growth and that the *vis major* of political crime and folly has often overpowered the strongest ethical sense of a community. The War of 1812 was a case in point. What guarantees of liberty would the Common Law afford if it had not been supplemented by statute law? Similarly, the lawyers have a great work before them in stimulating the growth of Lord Haldane's *Sittlichkeit*. We deal at length with the Lord Chancellor's speech elsewhere.

WITH the fall of Nanking, the last rebellion in China may be said to have been crushed. Unlike the first rebellion, this had very little popular support, and the sole political interest of the movement has been the fresh evidence that it has given of the cleavage between North and South. China, it should be remembered, has

existed longer as a single political unit than any Empire in the world, and it has done it under the system of provincial autonomy. It is the most remarkable example in the world of the Imperial advantages of Home Rule. The difficulty with Yuan-Shi-Kai is that he is identified with the policy of Imperial centralisation at Peking, which began under the late Manchu dynasty, and was the principal cause of its fall. Yuan has many enemies, but he is probably the only man who can assure to China the term of peace of which she is so greatly in need.

* * *

THE Trades Union Congress has been held at Manchester this week. Mr. Davis, of the Brass Workers' Union, Birmingham, who presided, has the longest record of service on the Parliamentary Committee. There were 560 delegates present. Mr. Davis's address was a general survey of the situation. It described the Congress as having striven consistently for co-operation, free speech, Free Trade, and free secular education. It laid stress on the importance of international peace to the industrial world. Strikes were still sometimes necessary, and therefore labor could not accept compulsory arbitration. The Congress, as usual, ranged over a variety of topics, but the Dublin riots were naturally the most living and exciting theme. Mr. Larkin was not a universal favorite, but everybody recognised that the proclamation of Sunday's meeting was a blow at fundamental liberties of great importance to trade unionists. A deputation was appointed to proceed to Dublin and organise meetings in defence of free speech.

* * *

ON Wednesday the Congress adopted with only three dissentients a resolution calling on Trade Unionists to vote in favor of their unions undertaking political action under the Trade Union Act of this year. There were a few cross currents, as was natural, for the resolution was moved by Mr. Harvey, who broke away from the Labor Party at Chesterfield. That particular cause of disagreement was, however, left on one side in the discussion. There were strong criticisms of the general conduct of the Labor Party in Parliament, to which Mr. Clynes retorted that if the Labor Party seemed to do little, the fault was with the workers, who did not give them the necessary power. Labor had fought nine seats, and had been beaten in eight that were Liberal.

* * *

THE Congress passed a resolution calling for an inquiry into the conduct of the police, who were reported to have behaved with great violence during the strike of clay workers in Cornwall. This is a strike that has been in progress for a month for obtaining a minimum wage of 25s. a week, and recognition of the Clay Workers' Union. Sir George Askwith had intervened, but without success, the employers resolutely declining to make concessions. The strikers numbered some thousands, and on Monday a few hundreds decided to return to work at Bugle, near St. Austell. The strikers state that their pickets were acting peaceably when the police intervened. In the end the police dispersed the rioters, using their truncheons freely, among the injured being a woman picket.

* * *

THERE is everywhere in America, even amongst his political opponents, the greatest sympathy with the policy of President Wilson in Mexico, but it looks as though it had entered a *cul de sac*. The great obstacle to an arrangement is the American refusal to recognise General Huerta. At that price, Huerta is ready to concede anything, but not unnaturally he makes it a point of honor not to efface himself except in return for a sort of certificate of good character. Mr. Lind is still at

Vera Cruz, endeavoring to find a way out. We confess that the issue of recognition from the American point of view seems somewhat unreal. President Wilson's view is that General Huerta is too great a scoundrel to be given recognition. But is it not a sort of recognition to be negotiating with him for his withdrawal through Mr. Lind? And is it not more than recognition to make offers of financial assistance, as Mr. Lind is said to have done? There is a good deal to be said for separating official recognition from any question of moral approval or condemnation of the Government recognised. Mr. Wilson's advice that Americans should leave Mexico is now explained as due to his fears of a mutiny in the Mexican army, in which American subjects might suffer outrage.

* * *

BEHIND the details of Mr. Lind's negotiations is the general question of United States policy under the Monroe Doctrine to the Central American States. President Roosevelt held that the United States could not give this quasi-guarantee of their independence to these American Republics unless she also made herself responsible for a certain minimum standard of good government. The Democrats certainly adopted this extension of the Monroe Doctrine in Nicaragua; for by the treaty which the Senate mauled so badly that it has been temporarily abandoned, the United States obtained the control of Nicaragua's foreign policy and even of her finances. Solicitude for the good government of these Republics may easily develop into a veiled protectorate, and undoubtedly President Wilson's policy, though his protestations of regard for Mexican independence are perfectly sincere, has deeply wounded national pride. We regard this development of the Monroe doctrine with the greatest misgiving.

* * *

THE International Committee of Inquiry into the Balkan atrocities, appointed by the Carnegie Trustees, has abandoned its work owing to the objections raised by Servia and Greece to the *personnel* of the Committee. Particular exception is taken to the inclusion of M. Milinkoff, the Russian statesman, and Mr. Brailsford, of the Balkan Committee, and a member of the staff of this paper. We are accused—and Mr. Brailsford and ourselves are reciprocally saddled with each others' vices and virtues—of attacking all the Balkan peoples except the Bulgarians. Neither we nor Mr. Brailsford have ever held a brief for the Bulgarian claims. We have freely admitted the grave errors into which the Bulgarians have been led.

* * *

AT the same time, as Liberals, we have held that the rights of a nationality cannot be defeated by the fault or crime of its rulers, and that the only policy that promised permanent peace to the Balkans was to give those rights their due, and no more than their due, expression. When it became clear that the Treaty of Bucharest was not to be revised, we formally dissociated ourselves from the idea of an inevitable war of revenge, and only pleaded for the rights of the Bulgarians left under the rule of Servia and Greece. If this is to be pro-Bulgarian, we, and no doubt Mr. Brailsford also, are guilty. We are conscious, however, of no interest, except in the welfare of all the Balkan peoples equally. We greatly regret the attitude of the Servian and Greek Governments. Horrible charges were brought against the Bulgarian troops, which were made an integral part of the political case of Servian and Greek Governments. This committee was the only chance of their investigation, and, morally, the Servian and Greek Governments will be the losers by their refusal to aid the inquiry.

Politics and Affairs.

AN IRISH PETERLOO.

WE hope that the Government realise that the maiming and wounding of nearly 500 men and women in a capital city of the Empire by a police under the direct control of the Crown is a very serious event, calling for something more than the conventional remedy of "investigation on the spot" by the people whose conduct is impugned. Its mere occurrence, indeed, is no slur on Liberalism, which would abolish the power that permitted or encouraged it, and is at war with the spirit of fanaticism of which it is the emanation. No representative authority has to answer for an act which will live in the memory of Irish and British workmen as a second Peterloo. The two forces which executed it, the Dublin Police and the Royal Irish Constabulary, are under the sole orders of Dublin Castle, at whose door the Mayor of Dublin, intervening as a stranger and looker-on, has to knock for permission even to ask what it all means. But it so happens that a Liberal Government is in office, and under the forms of the Act of Union has to answer for all that this Russian institution does to the people of Ireland. We do not envy it the task. Give the spirit and the policy of Sir Edward Carson, transfer them to Mr. James Larkin, add an insurrectionary labor movement up against a plan to wipe out trade unionism, and place all these things under a machine devised to use force and to ignore opinion, and we have the full train of the events that have turned the streets of Dublin into a likeness of Warsaw or St. Petersburg. Unfortunately, the rebound of those facts falls on a Government which has, on paper, stripped Dublin Castle of its chief executive functions. The Ministry are not, indeed, responsible for Sir Edward Carson, who, if any one man can be held accountable for a public injury, is a true begetter of the outrage. But the connection of the Lord Lieutenant and the Irish Secretary with the acting British Government makes Parliament, in the last degree, its supreme judge, as well as its moral assessor. The story of last Sunday must eventually be told to the House of Commons, and a very grave story it is.

It began, and it seems likely to end, in an attempt to destroy a lively and powerful growth of Irish trade unionism, the Transport Workers' Union. Ireland is just now in a state of rather rapid economic development, with which her politics have in no way kept pace. The Irish Parliamentary Party is divided in its attitude to Irish labor. Mr. Devlin represents the force and organisation of the Nationalist town democracy, while the majority of the party is more obviously allied to the farming and employing classes. But Mr. Larkin's movement is several points in advance of Mr. Devlin's. Mr. Larkin is more of a Socialist than a Nationalist, and more of a Syndicalist than either. He has won some striking victories for the transport trades, he has established a press of his own, his fiery tongue and passion for strife have brought him at last into conflict with the most powerful capitalist in Nationalist Ireland. This gentleman, Mr. William Murphy, the Chairman of the Dublin United

Tramways Company, is no more an orthodox Nationalist than Mr. Larkin is an orthodox trade unionist. But he has many powerful forces—clericalism, a popular newspaper, an ambitious and successful industrial policy—at his back. If he has not founded his wealth and power on anti-municipalism as well as on anti-unionism, he is at this hour the leader of a general union-smashing campaign. The trouble on the Dublin tramways began by the dismissal of two hundred union men. Mr. Larkin retorted with a strike, and some of the strikers attacked the cars and the "blacklegs" who were working them. The struggle went on, and a great open-air meeting of strikers was summoned for Sunday. The Castle proclaimed it for no reason that it has given to the world. At that point the quarrel was raised to a dangerous fever by Mr. Larkin's introduction of the poison of Carsonism. He did considerably less than Sir Edward Carson has done, for he raised no general standard of rebellion against the King's Government for something it proposed to do, nor did he give his followers a formal standing order to break "as many laws as possible." He invited them to break the particular command not to discuss in public their low wages and the threatened destruction of their union. Sir Edward Carson, said Mr. Larkin, had armed his men with Italian rifles—"do you arm yourselves with Irish weapons, blackthorns, bottles, and hurleys."

Now, this was pernicious talk, even when addressed to Dublin Castle, which no Nationalist Irishman respects or obeys with pleasure. It was followed by the arrest of Mr. Larkin, on a charge of seditious libel and conspiracy. That there is a conspiracy or an agreement among the leading Dublin employers to crush the chief Dublin trade union, is not doubtful, for they are enforcing a general lock-out. But so far as illegal action was concerned, Mr. Larkin's share in it ended with his outburst of imitative Carsonism. He burned the proclamation, but the Strike Committee wisely cancelled the meeting. A meeting indeed there was, but it consisted in the main of a crowd of Sunday sightseers, patrolling the spacious thoroughfare of Sackville Street, the centre and exchange of Dublin life. It was rewarded by a sight of Mr. Larkin's melodramatic feat at the Imperial Hotel, and it was made the victim of a mad assault by the Dublin Police and the Irish Constabulary. A cloud of witnesses of all classes and nationalities, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Handel Booth are conspicuously clear and convincing, have borne witness to the fact that this assault was a piece of unprovoked and illegal savagery. Men were struck down by the hundred, houses were entered without a warrant, and their inmates clubbed there, and the absence of resistance, the plain fact that there was no organised assembly, the innocent character and bearing of thousands of lookers-on, went for just nothing at all. The police do indeed allege "rioting" in the bye-streets, and tell strange stories of strikers breaking their own or their neighbors' windows. But the small proportion of injuries to the police, in face of their astonishing cruelty, speaks for itself. The history of the labor movement in these islands records no more questionable action on the part of the governing power.

The prompt intervention of British trade unionism

must, therefore, prepare the Ministry for a grave interpellation and a firm demand for justice. So far as the action of Dublin Castle is concerned, it was taken in Mr. Birrell's absence in England, and any cause that can be assigned for the ferocity of the police, beyond the tradition of contempt for the people which it takes from its masters, will, no doubt, be fairly examined. But British labor and British Liberalism are bound also to consider the larger issues involved in the Castle's general treatment of this Irish struggle. Since when has the proclamation of public meetings and the arrest of labor leaders become proper weapons for Government to use in a dispute in which the right of combination is undeniably threatened? Mr. Larkin is not our ideal type of labor leader. But he is the chosen of his fellows, and he has led them to more than one victory. What he said was a bad imitation of a worse model; what he did was, in effect, to bow to the Castle's edict and to withdraw all reasonable cause for a collision with the people. Judged as a whole, his conduct may strike some, if not all, men as less flagitious than Sir Edward Carson's, who seems destined to carry the infection of his folly into every quarter of the land where social peace is in peril. We do not quarrel with the Government's reasons for holding its hand from the worst offender; we do not know them, but we can fairly guess them. But if treasonable schism and anarchy are to go free, a disputable case of violent talk by a workmen's leader may well be treated with circumspection when an ugly battle between Labor and Capital is in progress. The marks of the Castle intervention are the characteristic ones of terrorism and a blow at free speech and free social action, and they are things which Liberalism cannot suffer or palliate.

THE INADEQUACY OF "SITTLICHKEIT."

FRANKLY, we are disappointed with Lord Haldane's address to the American Bar Association at Montreal. It was a great occasion and he had a great subject; but he made no better use of it than to restate what has often been said before about the spirit of the English (which is also the American) Common Law, and to express the hope that there may also be a common law of conduct, binding nations together not merely in peace but in moral unity. It does not strike one as very profound, even reinforced by a quotation from Fichte and by the use of the ugly German word *Sittlichkeit*. By this word we can understand nothing more than the habit of obedience, ingrained by custom and only half-conscious, to certain ideals and rules of conduct. It is the school-boy's notion of "good form," writ large. Lord Haldane's argument is good as a reply to the contention that international law is powerless because it has no physical sanction, for although the courts of municipal law can count on all the King's horses and men to enforce their decisions, recent events have shown that not these are the real sanctions of law but a general sense of its justice and expediency. As with national, so with international law. Lord Haldane's German word will do quite well to express the real sanction of international law. But so far from helping us in the

least with the immediate problems of international politics, it may actually be a hindrance. The whole system of European militarism is itself one of the expressions of that conventional public morality which Lord Haldane eulogises as the hope of the future. The truth is that politics began where Lord Haldane's philosophising and the conceptions of conventional public morality summed up in his German word leave off. The great paradox of international politics is that while war is everywhere recognised as both a folly and a crime, preparation for this crime and folly is also recognised as the paramount duty of the State. To prescribe *Sittlichkeit*, a sense of good form, obedience to the accepted conventions of conduct, as a cure for this malady is like setting up the Sermon on the Mount as an alternative policy to the taxation of land values.

The place of the lawyer in the politics of English-speaking people is quite unique, though it does not escape criticism. It is due in great measure to the prominent fact taken by the common lawyers in freeing the country from Stuart absolutism. The execution of Charles I. may, in fact, without much exaggeration, be described as the victory of common law over equity, which tended to champion the cause of the Crown. But a price has had to be paid. The common law is an admirable instrument for the protection of individual rights; but it is apt to be hostile to new rights, and is critical of the will of the State expressed through Parliament as it was of Stuart claims. Not infrequently of late we have been reminded of this dualism of authority between the will of the State and the common law. But inconvenient as this conflict may be in national affairs, it has obvious conveniences when, as in a Federal system, there is need of reconciling the rights of the Central Government with those of an individual state of the union. And it is one of the disappointments of Lord Haldane's speech that he had nothing to say of the Supreme Court of the United States as the example of a supremacy of law that is quite consistent with political independence. The disputes which make the international rivalries of Europe all arise out of one single department of government, and that, intrinsically, the least important to the welfare of the people. It would have been interesting to Americans had Lord Haldane discussed the applicability of the principles of their Supreme Court to the conditions of European politics. Of course, the American Court has a written Federal constitution to guide it, which does not exist in Europe. Still, some approaches have been made to a written international code in documents like the Berlin Treaty and the Declaration of London. Supposing that there had been in existence a European analogue to the Supreme Court, and that the Berlin Treaty had contained a provision referring to it disputes as to its revision, would not all the difficulties which have attended the action of the Concert in the recent war have been in fair way to removal? The quarrels of provinces which preceded the formation of the present States were all ended by the growth of a strong central authority. Such a solution is impossible in international affairs, and would be dangerous if it were possible. The same objections do not apply to the authority of law, exercised through a supreme court of justice. Some such

institutions seems necessary if the Concert of Europe is to become what we all hope to see it, the repository of international equity and legalism. The Federation of Europe for any purpose will never be accomplished by any single act, but it may be built up by slow degrees, and the power of building would stimulate the growth of Lord Haldane's *Sittlichkeit*, just as the traditional conception of rights and duties under the common law has needed the stimulus of the statutes.

It is strange that Lord Haldane, speaking as he was on the eve of the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent, which made peace after the war between Great Britain and the United States, should have made no reference to the causes of the war, and the desperate efforts made to avert it by Americans like Jefferson, with whom the sense of the wickedness of war was a positive passion. How memorable the speech would have been if Lord Haldane could have announced that our Government had at last agreed to remove the last trace of the differences that made the War of 1812, and to consent to the abolition of commercial capture and commercial blockades in war. It is very well for Lord Haldane to talk of the slow evolution through the ages of a sub-conscious public morality which forbids the idea of war between Great Britain and the United States. But the mere unthinkableness of war between us is not in itself a result of which statesmen need feel very proud. There ought to be an active policy of friendship between the two nations, whose agreement on a few important questions of policy might change the face of the world. The bare list of questions on which active co-operation between the two countries would have the almost unanimous support of a strong public opinion in both, is eloquent of the neglect of politicians. How easy, for example, it would be to secure the complete neutralisation of the whole North American Continent from the operations of war! How appropriate a council of British and American lawyers in drafting a project for a Supreme Court of International Justice for the next Hague Conference! How natural an agreement between the two greatest commercial countries of the world, with Germany perhaps as a subscriber to it, for the protection of commercial equality in all neutral markets! How desirable an abandonment by Great Britain of all intention of ever using naval power against the private commerce of enemy or neutral! For all these reforms the conscience of people in both countries is fully prepared, but the Governments lag behind.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PUBLIC.

THE terrible calamity on the Midland Railway will focus the public mind on the question of the technical efficiency of our railway companies, and on such questions as the prudent running of the express services, on lighting, on motive power, on signalling, and on the provision of appliances to palliate and relieve a sudden disaster. Public anxiety, deeply stirred by the awful and destructive character of the tragedy, has already been goaded into angry impatience by Major Pringle's decision to hold the Board of Trade inquiry in secret, and by the successful efforts of the Company to exclude represen-

tatives of the workmen's case through their trade union. If that case is that the badness of the coal, and the consequent stoppage of the first engine, and the improper passing of the Mallerstang signal by the second, were vitally associated with the collision between the two trains, we cannot imagine a stronger reason for an open and a fully representative investigation. Lord Farrer's correspondence with the South-Eastern Railway Company concerns another aspect of public rights in relation to railway management. Let us deal for a moment with the latter and less sensational incident. The South-Eastern, on being asked to issue a season ticket between London and Guildford, available by any of the three routes—South-Eastern, South-Western, and Brighton and South Coast—replied that there was no pooling arrangement between the companies for the London and Guildford traffic. Lord Farrer then pointed out that the South-Eastern train service between London and Guildford to-day compared very unfavorably with the train service between those stations thirty-four years ago, to which the Company replied that they did not consider it desirable to compete with the South-Western for this traffic. Thus, as Lord Farrer points out, the public under this combination loses both the advantages of competition and the advantages of co-operation, and he justly remarks that it is not likely that this disadvantageous compromise between the two principles will long be tolerated.

The position occupied by the railway companies is indeed becoming more and more of an anomaly. There was a time when it was obviously desirable to give every incentive to private enterprise in the creation of facilities for communication and transport. The making of the Trent and Mersey Canal is said to have reduced freights in the eighteenth century by seven-eighths. It seemed to economists and politicians that all that was necessary for the development of Britain was to get capitalists to compete against each other for providing passengers and traders with a means of moving about the country. To-day the question is entirely different. The railway companies have killed one important form of transport over the greater part of Britain, and though almost the first thing the Liberal Government did on taking office in 1906 was to appoint a Royal Commission on Canals, there are no signs yet of any intention on the part of the Government to revive these valuable resources. This rival destroyed, the railway companies have since been developing a common policy for modifying the effects of their competition with each other. And the effect of this is to make the railways a greater power than ever, a kind of fourth estate, able to dictate terms to Governments and to Parliaments. Two years ago they brought all industry almost to a standstill, because their treatment of their servants was so conspicuously below the standard of the twentieth century. The leaders of important industries, who had long ago made their peace with the principle of the collective bargain, found their business disorganised because the railway companies, who enjoyed all kinds of privileges, were still unwilling to recognise Trade Unions. The terms on which that strike was settled revealed the great and dangerous power held by these companies. But a Parliament

that might be expected to scrutinise the claims of private interests allowed the companies to make "a reasonable increase of charges," in order to meet the cost of the improvements.

Now, Parliament, in authorising these extra charges, gave its sanction to the measures for restricting competition. It would have seemed reasonable to expect the companies to use the funds for bringing their reputation as employers somewhere within the region of modern expectations out of the savings so effected. Not at all. The companies were to recoup themselves out of passengers and traffic. The returns published the other day show how this has been done in the way of passengers. The number of passengers carried last year was smaller, but the receipts from passenger fares were greater than in the previous year. That is, the travelling facilities of the public have shrunk, fares have been raised here, week-end tickets abolished there, and in one way or another the British citizen is worse off than he was a year ago. Then comes the turn of the trader. Last July, rates were raised, and under the Act that the railways extorted from the Government, the onus of proving that any increase is excessive is thrown upon the trader. How difficult a task is set him was shown in an excellent letter in the "Manchester Guardian" last week. Two points made by the writer may be mentioned as illustrations. The railway companies, in estimating the cost of the improvements, will take credit for the economies they have introduced. But the question arises at once whether they should be allowed credit for economies that ought to have been made quite independently of the wage concessions. Should the trader pay for the reluctance of the railway companies to learn their business? Then, again, the trader is not supposed to pay for any increase in cost due to passenger traffic. But do the accounts of the railway companies make it easy to disentangle the cost of passenger traffic?

That the existing arrangement is defective from the point of view of public interest must strike anybody who reflects for a moment on the importance of the whole question of transport. We are embarking on a policy of development which cannot succeed unless our communications are improved and extended. All kinds of experiments in transport will be necessary. It is only necessary to glance at such a speech as that made by the Assistant Secretary to the Board of Agriculture at the Co-operative Congress the other day to grasp the vital significance of this side of our national policy. Meanwhile, how does the nation stand? Its interests are largely at the mercy of a group of powerful companies who are no longer competing with each other in a wild ambition to satisfy the needs of the consumer, but are combining by mutual concessions and accommodations to make their business as profitable as it can be made. The mind of the railway director runs not on State policy but on dividends, and so soon as dividends cease to depend, or seem to cease to depend, on imagination in grasping and satisfying public needs the power of the railway director becomes a danger. The public interest is, meanwhile, confided to the care of the Board of Trade and the Railway Commissioners, and the degree in which

it can be safeguarded has been illustrated in the history of the last two years.

THE HALF-TRIUMPH OF LABOR.

"Shall we halt on Pisgah for ever when God has spread Canaan at our feet—when the franchise is our Jordan and the Charter is our ark?"

SIXTY-THREE years ago Ernest Jones, the Chartist leader, whose grave the Trade Unionists visited at Manchester this week, came out of prison to preach upon what he called "the gospel of the poor." If we compare his speech, reproduced in the "Labor Leader" last week, with the moderate and circumspect wisdom of the President's address to the Congress, the difference of atmosphere seems as wide as the difference in time. Ernest Jones and his comrades spoke as men out in the cold, excluded from any share in power or office, but they believed, as he once said, that they stood on the threshold of their rights. The Trade Unionists who met at Manchester this week are not a race outside the world of government and administration. They included, as Mr. Davis said, twenty-two members of Parliament, fifty-two aldermen or town councillors, and sixty-seven Justices of the Peace. At any moment it might happen that a strike leader, who had been pounced on by the police for incitement, would find himself summoned before a magistrate who was a Trade Union leader, and already it has happened in the case of the report of the Holt Committee and the railway settlement that Trade Union leaders have had to put their signatures as responsible politicians to documents regulating and disappointing the claims of Trade Unionists. Trade Unionists help to administer the recent social legislation, either as Insurance Commissioners or as officials of the Board of Trade. Of course, the preponderance of power is still in other classes, but in this sense Trade Unionism has found its way into a very different position from that it occupied, say, a generation ago. In numbers, too, it has made, as everybody knows, a great advance. Thirty years ago the Trade Union Congress represented some 500,000 workers; to-day it represents more than four times that number.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the realisation of ambitions that seemed rather distant has brought with it a certain disappointment, and that there are trade unionists who would to-day repeat Ernest Jones's question, "Shall we halt on Pisgah for ever when God has spread Canaan at our feet?" After all, they say, what is the position of labor to-day? Prices have risen faster than wages, and that simple fact covers a great mass of suffering and degradation. Meanwhile, the sugar duty and the tea duty remain, and the old cry of the Free Breakfast Table is fainter than ever. The housing of the poor is little better than it was ten years ago. A few sweated industries have received relief, but what about agriculture? In warfare labor has suffered some momentous reverses, and the dock strike ended in a triumph for an uncompromising temper among the employers which was the greatest moral set-back to the principles of trade unionism that has occurred for a generation. The railwaymen have had their own

Members in Parliament, but how often between the settlement of 1907 and the strike that burst on England in 1911 was Parliament told anything of their wrongs? There has been, it is true, social legislation, but has it all been an unmixed benefit? The Insurance Act levies heavy contributions on working-men, and it has hit casual workers in other ways. It has set up a great force of inspectors and officials to whom Britons, whether employers or employed, do not take kindly. Nowhere does the discontented worker find any imposing or unmistakable symbol of the new power of his class. He welcomes Old Age Pensions, and he knows that the Trade Disputes Act is a considerable weapon, but his cry is still, "Shall we halt on Pisgah for ever when God has spread Canaan at our feet?"

This kind of discontent is inevitable, and, within limits, it is salutary. When once a new force attains a certain position, its leaders are apt to think too highly rather than too poorly of their successes, and to forget sometimes the great world of famished and hungry men and women who depend on their efforts and leadership. Moreover, they are apt to rate too low the importance of other methods of moving the employing class. It is too early yet to weigh the relative results of the strike and the power of the Parliamentary party in estimating the successes of labor in the last few years. Parliamentarians and the partisans of the strike method proportion the credit very differently. The onlooker will probably conclude that both methods have their uses and that the working-classes cannot afford to abandon either. But quite apart from the suspicions and jealousies of rival leaders on such a subject, there remains one simple truth that goes far to explain the discontent that is alleged to exist. The very growth of the trade unionist movement with its great mass of administrative business and the burdens it throws on all its officials, has raised up immense and bewildering problems, problems far more difficult than those set to other politicians. It is not merely that leaders and rank and file get out of touch with each other—though this, of course, has been at the bottom of some of the troubles attending collective diplomacy during the last few years—it is that labor, to use the title that covers trade unionists and non-trade unionists, is not one world but a hundred worlds. This is true of labor, and it is also true of trade unionism. The possessing classes frighten themselves from time to time by the nightmare of a great single homogeneous power bestriding society and civilisation. But though the industrial system has pounded men and women into a single mass for certain purposes, they remain men and women, subject to all the distractions of the human mind, pursuing not one interest but a hundred. The working classes have not locked themselves up in their trade unions. They are found in the trade unions, but they are also found in the friendly societies, in co-operative societies, in churches and chapels, in Liberal and Tory clubs, in playing fields and public-houses and picture palaces. If a Napoleon could concentrate all these interests for a single hour, he could lead them from Pisgah into Canaan without delay. But as it is, Mr. Davis tells us that the vote, which is the natural and the

only protection to man's inalienable rights, is frittered away and almost counted a nuisance by many working men, and it would show a strange ignorance of human nature to expect anything else. Nor has anyone yet succeeded in combining the great fighting resources of the working classes that exist in their separate organisations as trade unions, friendly societies, and co-operative societies. The Insurance Act might otherwise have given great power to the working classes in their economic struggle, whereas, in fact, it may turn out in some respects an embarrassment to the Trade Unions.

The leadership then of Labor policy is infinitely more difficult and more complicated than the leadership of the conventional parties, for a Liberal or a Conservative is a person with particular prepossessions or sympathies, to which he tries to give effect in politics, whereas the Labor leader has to find a policy that will do justice to a thousand different claims, and reconcile as many different interests. He is fighting the battle of a class, and he has to decide not merely how to vote on this or that, but whether that battle should be fought by Bill in Parliament, or whether it should be fought by a strike at the mill or the mine, when one class of worker should be asked to make sacrifices for another, and when the general interests demand that a strike should be disallowed. And as in many cases, it is not opinions or a greater or less degree of comfort that are at stake, but actual livelihood, perhaps the most astonishing and encouraging fact about Labor politics is the extent to which the different classes of labor have learnt to co-operate, and the ability with which that co-operation has been fostered by the Parliamentary leaders. Some day that spirit of self-sacrifice may be rewarded, not by the creation of aldermen and Members of Parliament and Justices of the Peace, but by the discovery, so rare in politics, of a genius equal even to the supreme task that the special difficulties of the working-class struggle present.

Life and Letters.

"OLYMPIC DUST."

HAPPILY, we may now assume that the scheme of raising a public endowment for our competitors at the Olympic Games is "floored," "hammered," "knocked-out," or whatever other suitable metaphor you may choose for its defeat. If one or two wealthy people care to put up the money and run athletes on their own account, there is nothing to prevent them. Many wealthy people run race-horses in the same way, and their admirers talk a lot of nonsense about improving the breed of horses in the country by Derby winners, just as the promoters of the Olympic Games fund talk a lot of nonsense about improving our national physique by training champions. Private expenditure of that sort, though probably pernicious to the country, could not be brought under any Statute of Treasons, and we should have to let it go, however much we might regret the waste and the evils that come from waste. But as a public affair, we may now hope the scheme to be dead, and it is a comfort to think that the country will not be held up to contempt as being so poor in sportsmanly spirit as to care about honors that depend on length of purse.

The proposal has been killed, partly by the courageous and outspoken utterances of such men as Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Nowell Smith. We call the utterances

courageous because it needs some courage for men of position, and especially for headmasters of wealthy public-schools, to oppose such people as the first supporters of the scheme, some of them men of distinction, and nearly all men of title. If your fortunes hang at all upon the good opinion of Society, it needs some courage to oppose a demand into which the King's name has been dragged, over which the Union Jack is hoisted amid a blare of Imperialistic brass, and upon which the national prestige in sport is confidently declared to depend. All the familiar methods practised by closely allied sections of the Press to stir excitement and raise the wind were put into action. Indomitable old Lord Roberts, the hero of a hundred scares, was trotted out. The embers of panic were fanned as diligently as though it had been discovered that in five years' time we should be a Dreadnought short of a 60-per-cent. superiority. The very women were implored to save their country. At last something was found that women could do with safety. A "Women's Olympic Fund" was started. They might not do this, they might not do that, but at least they could fulfil one womanly function and pay, pay, pay.

It wanted some courage, as we said, to raise a protest against all this noise of sycophancy, panic, and bunkum, and we honor those who raised it. But the really encouraging thing is that the people have remained entirely unmoved. Far other questions than Olympic Games in Berlin are occupying the nation's thoughts. Women are conscious of other means of saving their country and "helping England" than by contributing their inherited or hard-won money to the upkeep of a few selected athletes. Men have enough sportsmanly instinct left to suspect any connection between endowment and sport. It is true, there is plenty of degeneracy about sport already. Even papers like the "Times," which tried to whip the £100,000 fund into life, from time to time deplore the masses of people who take their athletics vicariously by sitting to watch matches, or even by watching a tape. They deplore the "gate," the omnipotent professionalism, the specialisation, the betting, the conversion of county and town Associations into Joint-stock Companies drawing profits from the skill of hired performers. But when the same authorities propose to convert the whole country into a Joint-stock Company to compete with the Joint-stock Companies of other nations and draw its profits in "national prestige," we are glad to think that even the slackest of vicarious sportsmen perceives there is a limit.

The very title of "Olympic Games" ought to be sufficient to put us on our guard. Nearly all revivals are vain, but this is one of the silliest. It was, perhaps, just allowable for modern Greece to institute "Games" in the hope of attracting money to her impoverished capital, and to call them "Olympic," though there was hardly any resemblance to the old contests, and Athens is a long way from Olympia. But between the performances at Stockholm or Berlin and the old Panhellenic competitions not even a German professor could trace the smallest connection. The real value of Olympia was that it marked the common kinship of the Greek states as contrasted with "barbarians," and that during the games a "Truce of God" prevailed among them. Our present "Olympic Games" are international, every kind of barbarian, we suppose, being admitted; and as to a "Truce of God," we can hardly imagine even Greece herself pausing in her slaughter of the Bulgars because the Games were going on. The whole affair is a sham and an absurdity, and the sooner it collapses the better both for the friendship of nations and for the diffusion of good physical training.

But put the thing at its best, and let us assume that it might be possible to revive the spirit and practice of the Games that grew spontaneously and without the conscious effort of a revival upon the soil of ancient Greece. Even then the history of those very Games should be sufficient warning against encouraging such things by funds and endowments. We think of the Greeks as a people of great physical beauty, and almost perfect development. So for a time they were. By a combination, not of athletics or competitions, but of gymnastics

or bodily exercises, with the "music" of mental training, they aimed at a perfect harmony of bodily form and general versatility, and more nearly than any other race in history they reached that harmony. But from an early date the most thoughtful minds among them perceived that the greatest danger to this ideal of harmony arose precisely from the Games.

In Homer they read of games that were all very well—sports among soldiers and officers who went through no special training, but tried to win on the skill or strength acquired in the common life of peace or war, and were rewarded in wrestling, for instance, with a first prize of a bronze cooking-stand, worth twelve oxen, or a second prize of a woman, worth only four, though the judges guaranteed her first-rate at her needle. That kind of game was all very well. Then came the regular, recurrent games at local festivals, culminating in the Panhellenic meetings every four years at Olympia. Encouraged by habit, religion, and the antiquarian interest of pious Roman Emperors, those meetings hung on for over a thousand years; but after the first three centuries they began rapidly to degenerate, owing to special training and the money expended on the competitors by various States—owing, in fact, to Olympic Games Funds of £100,000. For a very short time after the Persian Wars—perhaps for not more than five meetings, or twenty years—they were at their best. Professors tell us that even when Pindar was singing their victories, decadence had already set in, and though the ideal of physical harmony was preserved among all educated men through the time of Pericles, the competitions at the games were already threatening to introduce the lumpy, bulging muscles and specialist exaggerations that the true Hellenic spirit abhorred. They were also threatening the dignified modesty and self-restraint that Greeks honored as the perfect flower of the manly character; and it is noticeable that the Spartans, always regarded as the most "virile" people in Greece, stood aloof from the Games as being useless for real life, hardly ever won anything at Olympia, and greatly preferred their own gymnastic training for girls and boys alike by musical drill and dancing.

Most of the prizes at Olympia appear to have been taken by the rich and effeminate Greek cities of Italy and Sicily. Sybaris and Croton played the part that America plays now. Trainers were introduced, athletics became an end in themselves, and for comfortable rewards men devoted their youth to specialising on some particular feat. The ideal of harmonious physical development was gradually forgotten in the Games. Simply to put on weight and bulk, the athletes were fed on masses of meat instead of the figs and cheese that had hitherto been the food for good physical training. Within a generation the result was seen. Euripides says an athlete is the slave of his mouth and belly, and when he has passed his prime is no more good than a worn-out coat. Though a real sportsman himself, he says that of all the innumerable evils of Greece the athletes were the worst, and it is interesting that he especially condemns the Greeks for standing as spectators of their performances. Plato calls the athlete a sleepy sort of creature, easily upset by any variation in his routine. Socrates had told him that he found dancing much better for his health than athletics, and in the "Laws" he maps out a course of exercises for boys and girls from the age of six, consisting chiefly of dancing, riding, archery, throwing javelins, and practising both arms equally. All athletic tricks and tips for competitions are to be avoided; everything is to be made as useful for life and as unlike the Olympic Games as possible.

But the wisest of men could not arrest the corruption that the Games had already spread. Athletics degenerated century by century, becoming more specialised, more a matter of money, till, about the middle of the second century after Christ, we have the following account of the athlete from the pen of Galen, himself a doctor to gladiators before he became physician to Marcus Aurelius. The quotation is from Mr. Norman Gardiner's excellent book on "Greek Athletic Sports," in which the whole of this tragic story may be found:—

"Does the athlete's life benefit the athlete himself or the State?" Galen asks, and he answers "No." "In the blessings of the mind, athletes have no share. Beneath their mass of flesh and blood their souls are stifled as in a sea of mud. Nor do they enjoy the best blessings even of the body. Neglecting the old rule of health, which prescribes moderation in all things, they spend their lives in over-exercising, over-eating, over-sleeping, like pigs. Hence they seldom live to old age, and if they do, they are crippled and liable to all sorts of disease."

That is the warning given us by the real Olympic Games of Greece, and after that warning, even if revivals were not always silly, who would wish to revive them? It is the warning against specialisation, against the elaborate and costly training which the £100,000 fund was destined to promote. We do not believe that any person or any nation can buy honor or prestige, or rather we do not believe that any honor which can be bought is worth buying. That may sound a hard saying to the managers of political party funds, but it is true all the same, and if Britain cannot maintain her prestige without buying athletic success by a competition in national outlay, the sooner we imitate the virile Spartans and pursue our games and physical training on our own account, the less of our money and strength will be wasted. It seems that Mr. Nowell Smith's description of the Olympic Games as "rot" is only too literally true of them in the past as in the present. They have been a kind of corruption, a source of decay in sport and harmonious physical development. A poet of the century of Christ said there were still people who liked to collect the dust of Olympic Games; but if in these days of internal turmoil and distress we go on flinging away our wealth upon such an object, it will be dust and ashes that we shall collect.

IN PRAISE OF HUMBUGS.

THE present writer confesses to a great liking for humbugs. If he remembers rightly, Charles Reade, in "The Cloister and the Hearth," represents Pius II., the "humanist" Pope, making a gracious speech, of which he enumerates the ingredients, among which is mentioned "at least a suspicion of humbug." There is probably a certain quantity of it in the composition of most gracious people. The more flexible of the poor are forced by circumstances to be not so much gracious as ingratiating. To ourselves personally, there is something very appealing in the innocent warfare they so often wage, disarming antagonism and warding off reproach by specious, pleasant-sounding flatteries. The mentality of a genuine humbug is very genial, spacious, and full of unction and rhythm. The utilitarian aim of securing some personal advantage is often lost in an artist's joy in his own creations, and in an unselfish desire to please. There is nothing rigid, nothing angular, nothing uncomfortable about a humbug. He, or she, prophesies smooth things, and overflows with the milk of human kindness. From our own experience, there is very little malice in the true humbug. He may rob you of things, the loss of which causes you no grief, say, of bags of green apples, but he is not spiteful or treacherous. Above all, the humbug is an artist. Like all artists, he desires pleasant things, and likes things, including social intercourse, to go pleasantly. His mind slopes to the sun; in a harsh Northern world of stubborn facts, it is a soil fertile in plausible and reconciling explanations; it is a field in which excuses, pretexts, evasions, are plentiful as pumpkins in Poitou. Over this rich pasture fabulous inventions, like sulphur-colored butterflies, flutter in swarms. We all our lives have listened with delight to the rodomontades of humbugs. The typical humbug is not so much whining and deprecatory as bland, smiling, anecdotal. As we write we have a particular landlady in our mind's eye. We see her now, coming into our room, like an argosy freighted with gossip, happily entering the port of unlading. "If you'll believe me," by the way, is the formula with which the most improbable narrations are almost invariably introduced. Humbug is of long-standing in the world; gipsies, for instance, overlay their discourse

with decorations and with colors old as Egypt. The sub-ecclesiastical class, vergers, parish clerks, sextons, caretakers, pew-openers, and the like, affords many choice specimens of this pleasing variety of the genus homo. We imagine that it is so all over the world; in a sub-deacon in Russia, a sub-chantor in Spain, we see rich possibilities. No doubt the lower members of all professions must needs seek to stand well with those above them in their own particular hierarchy; but to this common human fact something mellow and spacious seems lent by the ecclesiastical atmosphere.

We call to mind one particularly perfect specimen of the sub-ecclesiastical humbug. She was the genial and rubicund, and it must be admitted, very idle, caretaker of a large and beautiful Parish Church, for the architecture and history of which she professed the most unbounded enthusiasm. "Many's the days and hours I've spent in thinking about that old place," she would say. The amount of time, however, which she put in with brooms and brushes, soap and water, in the interior of the fabric, was of very limited duration. In spite of this, our own relations with her were always of the pleasantest kind, and they continued in unbroken friendliness, even when, by the zeal of the ladies of the parish, she had been got rid of, after many years' service. They said the church was so dirty that kneeling in it spoiled their summer gowns. "Not that I've anything to say against the Vicar," was her usual preface to the recital of her wrongs. In spite of his outward support of the reforming party, she probably divined in him a secret horror of reformatory and new brooms, a hidden kindness for the old perfunctory traditional brooms upon which (if we may mix things up a little) the moss of lore and legend have gathered. She herself was rather given to contemplation than to cumbering herself with much serving. She professed, for instance, an extreme veneration for the Saints' Days. "My mind's been running a great deal on St. Simon and St. Jude all day," she would remark in the chill, fading afternoon of the twenty-eighth of October; or on the twenty-fourth of August, "My thoughts have been very much taken up with St. Bartholomew." "Those Saints' Days have been so instilled into me," she would add, "that I never forget them." After the rupture, it must be said, her attendance at the offices of the Church became somewhat scanty and irregular. When spoken to on this subject, she would ride off on a disquisition on some ecclesiastical subject, say, the most effective style of pulpit eloquence. "There's nothing like a nice, quiet, steady flow," she would say, "a heaven flow. There's some that rants and almost rives your soul out—but give me a heaven flow. The still, gentle voice—as the Scripture says, it's like the breath of evening. A steady flow—there's nothing like it." From these reflections she would pass on to other matters. "There's one thing that's been on my mind very much lately," she would say, "and that is that them trams 'll be the ruin of St. Paul's. It's a very grievous thing to me to think that we may live to see Jerusalem an 'eap of stones." After long abstinence, it happened that she attended church one Ascension Day, when a stranger occupied the pulpit. "If I might make so bold as to speak my mind," she remarked afterwards, "it was a great disappointment to me to find it was the Rev. Jay. To my way of thinking, our Vicar's manner of speaking is far before the Rev. Jay's." But she made little use of her abundant opportunities of profiting by the Vicar's "steady flow."

The Vicar happens by the way to possess a dog, who, with many good qualities, has a fatal weakness for chickens and cats. Sometimes after a depredation, followed by extreme marks of displeasure, a conversion as of the Jackdaw of Rheims is observed in him, only after a longer or shorter interval to be followed by another lapse. One afternoon his master heard noises of canine and feline strife, which, although the combat was shrouded from his view by a thick hedge, left no doubt in his mind as to what was going on. Half-an-hour afterwards the Church-keeper arrived at the Vicarage in a state of unctuous and lachrymose, but deferential gloom. She narrated the killing of the cat,

which seemed to have been such a cat as a medieval apprentice might have sold for a fabulous sum to some distracted King of Barbary ruling over a realm infested and devoured by rats and mice. The value she assigned to her cat was twenty pounds. She had that afternoon received a letter from a friend at a distance, who had told her she ought not to take a penny less than that sum for it. The cat was a fortune to her in mole-skins alone. "An 'undred and eighty moles has that cat brought to my door." "Begging your pardon," she went on, "if I might make so bold, I don't think you should take so much notice of what your sister says in this parish. We all know that a woman's opinion should only be in the second place." She appeared to think that the lady in question might assess the damage at a less sum than the estimated twenty pounds, say, fifteen, or perhaps only eight. However, she waved material considerations aside, concentrating on the simplicity of the tragic fact. "My cat is dead," she repeated gravely. "Mrs. Edward Stillman's my witness." This was her daughter-in-law, with whom she was not always on the best of terms. On one occasion she had been compelled to "advertise" her in the newspaper, threatening the severest penalties of the law if any repetition of the slander complained of occurred. Wishing to show the writer the "advertisement," she sent and borrowed the daughter-in-law's newspaper.

It occurred to the Vicar that it might be good strategy to ask her to join the ladies at tea. Time would be gained, and a genial hospitality might soften the acrimonious sense of loss. She appeared pleased with the proposal. "Had I best take my 'at off?" she inquired demurely. Seated at the tea-table, an access of ecclesiastical enthusiasm took possession of her. "There is the Church," she exclaimed, "and after that, what is there?" "Pish!" she added contemptuously. When this frame of mind had been mellowed by tea and other refreshments, the Vicar placed four half-crowns on the table, suggesting that though, of course, this sum was in no sense a payment or compensation for her loss, it might be looked upon as a slight acknowledgment of its greatness. She indicated its nothingness with a truly magnificent gesture, then rising and curtsying low, silently pocketed the four coins and withdrew. The cat was one of four brindled starvelings that roamed about her premises.

For our own part, we gladly recognise a certain rough and fundamental honesty in most humbugs, though there is no doubt a stage at which plausibility passes into crime. This point seems almost to have been reached by the daughter-in-law above mentioned. She was a woman of ingratiating, even fascinating manners, with a pale face, and flattering, smiling eyes. Her flatteries were not always very logical, but they were always charming. For instance, on one occasion a lady, having, at great expense and trouble to herself, given a Christmas Tree and treat to all the children in the village, Mrs. Edward Stillman exclaimed enthusiastically, "Miss Wells is worthy of it." She had a boy with the same pleasing, smiling manners. The lad worked like a Trojan, and it did one good to hear him whistle as he worked. Village rumor said that at home he was taught to steal, and sent out at night with a bag to collect cabbages, lettuces, anything he could find. It was proposed to the mother that he should go into farm-service at a good place a few miles from home. "He's young yet," she replied, "he needs a mother's care." On one occasion a curtain was found to have suddenly disappeared from the Parish Church. Many theories were evolved to account for its disappearance, a great hue and cry was raised, but nothing could be heard of it. At last the donor of the curtain herself discovered it in Mrs. Edward Stillman's cottage, serving as a cover for the cradle of her baby. No steps were taken except that in the Sunday School lurid representations were given of the enormity of the sin of theft, and the extreme seriousness of the consequences which were likely to ensue. This seems to have alarmed the boy. Shortly afterwards he arrived at the Vicarage with a message that the long-lost curtain had been found "in our

people's yard." There lay the curtain sure enough. "Whoever's taken it," said Mrs. Stillman musingly, "they've kept it beautiful and clean." Humbugs, at any rate, are not obdurate. Their minds are much too flexible for them not to be open to reason.

THE PLANT AS MOTHER.

THE ivy-leaved toad-flax has flourished all the summer on the wall of the potting-shed, putting out its snapdragon blossoms highly organised for the selection of insect callers and for insurance against marriage within the prohibited degree of affinities. These contrivances of a box closed with a spring lid, hairs to keep out small insects, a remote nectary, and anthers that ripen before the stigma, all make for the good of the race, but they are the apparatus of love rather than motherhood. We can imagine the flower taking a delight in the big embrace of a bee, and guarding itself with abhorrence from the ignoble, snouted fly, or the ant that crawls instead of flying. However eugenic one's love may be, it is not, even in the highest of us, consciously guided by the rights of our future progeny. The most eclectic of lovers, in fact, are often the most indifferent of parents. The common British orchids may be our example. Their contrivances for cross-fertilisation are most elaborate. The insect carries away not so much pollen, but a machine made of an entire anther, with springs and pulleys that automatically adjust it from the upright to the horizontal, so that only when a distant plant is reached will the key just fit the lock, and bring the pollen to the stigma. After this elaborate love-making, the orchid becomes the most careless of mothers. Its seeds are almost innumerable. Those of a single spike would plant the Isle of Man thickly all over, but they are so poorly provided with a start in life that scarcely one in a thousand has a chance of succeeding. There is no arrangement for scattering them; they are just left to themselves, and under the best of cultural conditions they perish by millions.

Our ivy-leaved toad-flax is a good mother as well as a good lover. It takes the seed of its happy marriage in the hand of its pod, and bending and lengthening, shortening and straightening, its stalk, searches the wall for a suitable crevice, where it thrusts the seed in, and securely plants it. That is a motherhood, within the powers of a plant, as complete as that of the butterfly that searches all day for the particular food-plant of its kind, and there and nowhere else lays her eggs. Above the butterfly comes the bee that not only lays her eggs in a suitable place, but collects honey and pollen there, making a store of confectionery sufficient for the full nourishment of the grub she will never see. It may be that a higher degree of motherhood is needed for that act than for the preparation of swaddling-clothes that we ourselves shall have the pleasure of putting on and off, or the pulling off of one's down by the doe rabbit, wherein to nurse the embryo replicas of herself. Plants attain to that degree of motherhood when they give of their substance highly expensive albumen to form a store for each seedling to grow upon, while it is learning to get a living with its own roots and tender leaves. It is not upon the offspring of the wheat or the bean that men get fat, but by robbery of the stored food that mothers have laid up for the sustenance of their children.

And the succulent fruits of apple, pear, plum, strawberry, and the rest that we deem to be made for ourselves are perhaps ours by a better right than peas and beans are. They are bags of wealth put beside the babe as a reward for the person who will give it the necessary start in life by moving it to a place where it can more conveniently grow. The pulp of the apple even is, by comparison with the albumen of the wheat, a poor watery mess sweetened with sugar, and flavored with an un nourishing essence. The richer food for the darling is within the pip, and protected from robbers by a dash of prussic acid. The rest is a gaud for some joy-loving savage, who shall have the undreamed honor of carrying and planting the child. The yew-tree is doing a thriving

trade with the poor ignorant thrushes. The glistening red ju-jube seems to them a pure gift. They gobble it and carry it off till, at a suitable place, the little Sindbad of a poisoned seed bites the carrier, and she drops him. Carriers that serve the plants have to be so treated, for they are only too ready to take the guerdon and refuse the commission. So perhaps those plants are wisest that just hook their children on to passing pelts or trouser legs, which will carry them some indefinite distance, and then lose them. Certainly, burrs are innumerable, and the plants that produce them are among the most widely distributed that we have. Any emigrant taking a last walk in the fields or woods that he loves may carry agrimony, enchanter's nightshade, dog's mercury, or any of a dozen others half round the world, and there plant it to the honor and glory of the mother that gave it such useful legs.

Is it necessary to ask how much intelligence there is in these intricate and wonderful expedients, or whose the intelligence is? The human mother does not feed her baby by intelligence so much as by a bodily function that has been handed down to her from remote ancestors, and by instincts that could be relied upon even if there were none of what we call intelligence. If she were anchored for life like a tree with no voice to express her emotions or desires, she would find no better means than the tree has of attending to the highest wants of her infant. The oat can give or does give its fruit legs with which it runs from the parental stalk, hopping over obstacles, and at last pushing itself into the ground. If it had hands and a brain wherewith it could construct a wheeled machine or an aeroplane, such as the sycamore seed has, still the brain and the hands would have been an endowment not due to the merit of its latest recipient, but as gratuitous as anything else in Nature. Does it matter whether a fond uncle gives us a bicycle or the money to buy one; whether we are endowed with perfect organs, or with the material with which to make fairly good machines?

The plants, of course, have no intelligence. They have no need for it. Even if we can say that without quail, it is hard to say that they have no emotion. We are often in danger of forgetting what is the function of emotion. Samuel Butler long ago pointed out the fallacy of arguing a lack of feeling from the absence of vocal power. If it is true to say that the plants cannot feel because they cannot shriek, it is true to say that a man never feels except when he cries out or tells us about it. The plant, as Butler wrote, says things by doing them. It may be slow to find new ideas, as some men are. It may feel almost exactly as its ancestors have felt, though, since there is obviously progress among plants, it can certainly go a little further than its ancestors. And its emotion will manifest itself most not in the direction of mere vegetation, but in the line of motherhood, in the greater elaboration of its seeding arrangement.

Thus we find in great Natural Orders that are uniform in the general characteristics of their blossom, widely varying methods of seed dispersal. Among leguminous plants, the floral characteristics of which any tyro can always recognise, we have pods that shoot their seeds, others that cut themselves into seed-enclosing sections, others prickly like burrs, some succulent, and not a few plants that, like the toad-flax, take the trouble to push their seeds underground. The rose tribe, too, has slippery shooting seeds, wind-blown seeds, burrs, kernels enclosed in stone, and tiny seeds for entanglement in the feathers of birds. The catalpa has the blossom of a horse-chestnut, the pod of a poinsetta, but within it winged seeds like those of the elm. The guelder rose has a far more luscious berry than the wayfaring tree, but within it is almost the self-same seed. Why do the methods of seed-dispersal thus cut across the Natural Orders, and outrun in variety the blossom-schemes? Is it because motherhood is a higher and newer motive than mere propagation, and because the plants by an increased sensitiveness towards the ideal are following it each in a more original way? Once, the plant came by chance from the lucky one of a million spores; then from the survivor of a thousand seeds; the

highest plant to-day is that which produces scarcely more than a single seed, but tends that so well as to insure its success.

Short Studies.

THE TRIANGLE.

Nothing is true for ever. A man and a fact will become equally decrepit, and will tumble in the same ditch; for truth is as mortal as man, and both are outlived by the tortoise and the crow.

To say that two is company and three is a crowd is to make a very temporary statement. After a short time satiety or use and wont has crept sunderingly between the two, and, if they are any company at all, they are bad company who pray discreetly but passionately for the crowd which is censured by the proverb.

If there had not been a serpent in the Garden of Eden, it is likely that the bored inhabitants of Paradise would have been forced to import one from the outside wilds, merely to relax the tedium of a too-sustained duet. There ought to be a law that when a man and a woman have been married for a year they should be forcibly separated for another year. In the meantime, as our lawgivers have no sense, we will continue to invoke the serpent.

Mrs. Mary Morrissy had been married for quite a time to a gentleman of respectable mentality, a sufficiency of money, and a surplus of leisure. Good things? We would say so if we dared, for we are growing old, and suspicious of all appearances, and we do not easily recognise what is bad or good. Beyond the social circumference we are confronted with a debatable ground where good and bad are so merged that we cannot distinguish the one from the other. To her husband's mental attainments (from no precipitate, dizzy peaks did he stare. It was only a tiny plain with the tiniest of hills in the centre), Mrs. Morrissy extended a courtesy entirely unmixed with awe. For his money she extended a hand which could still thrill to an unaccustomed prodigality, but for his leisure (and it was illimitable) she could find no possible use.

The quality of permanency in a transient world is terrifying. A permanent husband is a bore, and we do not know what to do with him. He cannot be put on a shelf. He cannot be hung on a nail. He will not go out of the house. There is no escape from him, and he is always the same. A smile of a certain dimension, moustaches of this inevitable measurement, hands that waggle and flop like those of automata—these are his. He eats this way, and he drinks that way, and he will continue to do so until he stiffens into the ultimate quietude. He snores on this note, he laughs on that; dissonant, unescapable, unchanging. This is the way he walks, and he does not know how to run. A predictable beast indeed! He is known inside and out, catalogued, ticketed, and he cannot be packed away.

Mrs. Morrissy did not yet commune with herself about it, but if her grievance was anonymous, it was not unknown. There is a backdoor to every mind, as to every house, and although she refused it houseroom, the knowledge sat on her very hearthstone, whistling for recognition.

Indeed, she could not look anywhere without seeing her husband. He was included in every landscape. His moustaches and the sun rose together. His pyjamas dawned with the moon. When the sea roared so did he, and he whispered with the river and the wind. He was in the picture, but was out of drawing. He was in the song, but was out of tune. He agitated her dully, surreptitiously, unceasingly. She questioned of space in a whisper. "Are we glued together?" said she. There was a bee in a flower, a burly rascal who did not care a rap for anyone; he sat enjoying himself in a scented and gorgeous palace, and in him she confided—

"If," said she to the bee, "If that man doesn't stop talking to me I'll kick him. I'll stick a pin in him if he doesn't go out for a walk."

She grew desperately nervous. She was afraid that if she looked at him any longer she would see him. Tomorrow, she thought, I may notice that he is a short, fat man in spectacles, and that will be the end of everything. But the end of everything is also the beginning of everything, and so she was one half in fear and the other half in hope. A little more and she would hate him, and would begin the world again with the same little hope and the same little despair for her meagre capital.

She had already elaborated a theory that man was intended to work, and that male sloth was offensive to Providence, and should be forbidden by the law. At times her tongue thrilled, silently as yet, to certain dicta of the experienced aunt who had superintended her youth, to the intent that a lazy man is a nuisance to himself and to everybody else; and, at last, she disguised this saying as an anecdote, and repeated it pleasantly to her husband.

He received it coldly, pondered it with disfavor, and dismissed it by arguing that her aunt had whiskers, that a whiskered female is a freak, and that the intellectual exercises of a freak are—he lifted his eyebrows and his shoulders. He brushed her aunt from the tips of his fingers, and blew her delicately beyond good manners and the mode.

But time began to hang heavily on both. The intellectual antics of a leisured man become at last wearisome, his methods of thought, by mere familiarity, grow distasteful, the time comes when all the arguments are finished, there is nothing more to be said on any subject, and boredom, without even the covering, apologetic hand, yawns and yawns and cannot be appeased. Thereupon two cease to be company, and even a serpent would be greeted as a cheery and timely visitor. Dismal indeed, and not infrequent, is that time, and the vista therefrom is a long, dull yawn, stretching to the horizon and the grave. If at any time we do revalue the values, let us write it down that the person who makes us yawn is a criminal knave, and then we will abolish matrimony, and read Plato again.

The serpent arrived one morning hard on Mrs. Morrissy's pathetic pressure. It had three large trunks, a toy terrier, and a volume of verse. The trunks contained dresses, the dog insects, and the book emotion—a sufficiently enlivening trilogy! Miss Sarah O'Malley wore the dresses in exuberant rotation, Mr. Morrissy read the emotional poetry with great admiration, Mrs. Morrissy made friends with the dog, and life at once became complex and joyful.

Mr. Morrissy, exhilarated by the emotional poetry, drew, with an instinct too human to be censured, more and more in the direction of his wife's cousin, and that lady, having a liking for comedy, observed the agile posturings of the gentleman on a verbal summit, up and down and around which he flung himself with equal dexterity and satisfaction—crudely, he made puns—and the two were further thrown together by the enforced absences of Mrs. Morrissy into a privacy more than sealed, by reason of the attentions of a dog who would climb to her lap, and there, with an angry nose, put to no more than temporary rout the nimble guests of his jacket. Shortly Mrs. Morrissy began to look upon the toy terrier with a meditative eye.

It was from one of these, now periodical, retreats that Mrs. Morrissy first observed the rapt attitude of her husband, and, instantly, life for her became bounding, plentiful, and engrossing.

There is no satisfaction in owning that which nobody else covets. Our silver is no more than second-hand tarnished metal until someone else speaks of it in terms of envy. Our husbands are barely tolerable until a lady friend has endeavored to abstract their cloying attentions. Then only do we comprehend that our possessions are unique, beautiful, well worth guarding.

Nobody has yet pointed out that there is an eighth sense, and yet the sense of property is more valuable and more detestable than all the others in combination. The person who owns something is civilised. It is man's escape from wolf and monkeydom. It is individuality at last, or the promise of it, while those other ownerless people must

remain either beasts of prey or beasts of burden, grinning with ineffective teeth, or bowing stupid heads for their masters' loads, and all begging humbly for last straws, and getting them.

Under a sufficiently equable exterior, Mrs. Morrissy's blood was pulsing with greater activity than had ever moved it before. It raced! It flew! At times the tide of it thudded in her head, boomed in her ears, surged in fierce waves against her eyes: her brain moved with a complexity which would have surprised her had she been capable of remarking upon it. Plot and counterplot! She wove webs horrid as a spider's. She became, without knowing it, a mistress of psychology. She dissected motions and motives. She builded theories precariously upon an eye-lash. She pondered and weighed the turning of a head, the handling of a sugar bowl; she read treason in a laugh, assignations in a song, villainy in a new dress. Deeper and darker things! Profound and vicious depths plunging stark to where the devil lodged in darkness too dusky for registration! She looked so steadily on these gulfs and murks that at last she could see anything she wished to see; and always, when times were critical, when this and that, abominations indescribable, were separated by no more than a pin's point, she must retire from her watch (alas for a too sensitive nature!) to chase the enemies of a dog upon which, more than ever, she fixed a meditative eye.

To get that woman out of the house became a pressing necessity. Her cousin carried with her a baleful atmosphere. She moved cloudy with doubt. There was a diabolic aura about her face; and her hair was red! These things were patent. Was one blind or a fool? A straw will reveal the wind, so will an eyelash, a smile, the carriage of a dress. Ankles also! one saw too much of them, let it be said then. Teeth and neck were bared too often and too broadly. If modesty was indeed more than a name, then here it was outraged. Shame, too! was it only a word? Does one do this and that without even a blush? Even vice should have its good manners, its own decent retirements. If there is nothing else, let there be breeding! But at this thing the world might look, and understand, and censure, if it were not brass-browed and stupid. Sneak! Traitor! Serpent! Oh, serpent! Do you slip into our very Eden? Looping your sly coils across our flowers, trailing over our beds of narcissus and our budding rose, crawling into our secret arbors and whispering places, and nests of happiness! Do you flaunt and sway your crested head, with a new hat on it every day! Oh, that my aunt were here, with the dragon's teeth, and the red breath, and whiskers to match! Here Mrs. Morrissy jumped as if she had been bitten (as, indeed, she had been) and retired precipitately, eyeing the small dog that frisked about her with an eye almost petrified with meditation.

To get that woman out of the house quickly and without scandal. Not to let her know for a moment, for the blink and twitter of an eyelid, of her triumph. To eject her with ignominy, retaining one's own dignity in the meantime. Never to let her dream of an uneasiness that might have screamed, an anger that could have bitten and scratched, and been happy in the primitive exercise. Was such a task beyond her adequacy?

Below in the garden the late sun slanted upon her husband, as with declamatory hands and intense brows he chanted emotional poetry, ready himself on the slope of opportunity to roll into verses from his own resources. He criticised, with agile misconception, the inner meaning, the involved, hard-hidden heart of the poet; and the serpent sat before him and nodded. She smiled enchantments at him, and allurements, and subtle, subtle disagreements. On the grass at their feet the toy terrier bounded from his slumbers, and curved an imperative and furious hind leg in the direction of his ear.

Mrs. Morrissy called the dog, and it followed her into the house, frisking joyously. From the kitchen she procured a small basket, and into this she packed some old clothes and pieces of biscuit. Then she picked up the terrier, cuffed it on both sides of the head, popped it into the basket, tucked its humbly agitated tail under

its abject ribs, closed the basket, and fastened it with a skewer. She next addressed a label to her cousin's home, tied it to the basket, and dispatched a servant with it to the railway station, instructing her that it should be paid for on delivery.

At breakfast the following morning, her cousin wondered audibly why her little, weeny, tiny pet was not coming for its brecky.

Mrs. Morrissy, with a smile of infinite sweetness, suggested that Miss O'Malley's father would surely feed the brute when it arrived. "It was a filthy little beast," said she, brightly; and she pushed the toast-rack closer to her husband.

There followed a silence which drowsed and buzzed to eternity, and during which Mr. Morrissy's curled moustaches straightened, and grew limp, and drooped. An edge of ice stiffened around Miss O'Malley. Incredulity, frozen and wan, thawed into swift comprehension and dismay, lit a flame in her cheeks, throbbed burningly at the lobes of her ears, spread magnetic and prickling over her whole stung body, and ebbed and froze again to immobility. She opposed her cousin's kind eyes with a stony brow.

"I think," said she, rising, "that I had better see to my packing."

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Morrissy, with courteous unconcern, and she helped herself to cream. Her husband glared insanely at a pat of butter, and tried to look like someone who was somewhere else.

Miss O'Malley closed the door behind her with extreme gentleness.

JAMES STEPHENS.

Music.

MUSIC AND MELODY.

In a recent number of the French "Journal of the International Musical Society," Madame Wanda Landowska, whose writing has all the charm, the wit, and the fineness of perception of her clavecin playing, sets herself to answer the often-asked question, "Pourquoi notre musique n'est-elle pas mélodique?" The lament for the lost art of melody is the hardest of all annuals. Puccini has recently been telling us that "all the theories in the world amount to nothing without the one essential element of music—melody"; and Paul Dukas prophesies that the future of music is with the composer "who will give us twenty bars of melody—good and original melody." For melody, these starved souls are always insisting, is the vital thing in music, the equivalent of the idea in literature. They quote approvingly a remark attributed to Haydn, to the effect that melody is the chief thing, harmony serving merely to gratify the ear; while Vincent d'Indy lays it down that "It is only melody that never grows old." Madame Landowska answers the query "Why is modern music lacking in melody?" with a delicate irony. "Because it is modern," she says. When a correspondent told the editor of "Punch" that he did not think that the paper was as funny as it used to be, the editor's reply was "It never was." In the same way we may say, with Madame Landowska, that modern music never, never, never *has* been melodic. It is always the music of yesterday that is melodic, or, to make quite sure, that of the day before yesterday. How long is it since the critics were railing at Wagner for his unmelodiousness? Yet to-day, as the old lady in Mr. Lucas's novel says, people talk about Wagner as if he were a German Verdi. Even Strauss is outmoded already; to the worried man in the street, perpetually hanging on to the coat-tails of music and perpetually being whisked off his feet, Strauss is a transparent classic compared with Scriabine or Schoenberg. So has it always been. Every great musician in turn has been the murderer of melody—Wagner, Beethoven, Gluck, Bach, and goodness only knows how many others. Did not Bach's own sons go to Padre Martini to learn the secret of beautiful melody? Yet the vitality of melody must be enormous. It posi-

tively seems to thrive on assassination; for in spite of so many deaths and burials it is still alive, or at any rate was alive yesterday. Truly, as Madame Landowska says, "Melodic music is the music of yesterday; the music of to-day is not yet melodic; it will be so later on."

It is needless to dwell upon a phenomenon that is one of the commonplaces of musical history, or upon another that is one of the commonplaces of musical criticism—the fact that what is melody for one man is not melody for another. But can we not carry the matter a little further still, and say boldly that melody, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, has nothing whatever to do with the charm or the power of some of the finest music in the world? Are we not the slaves of a mere word? Let us admit quite frankly that in some music there is a very precise quality that can be detached and labelled "melody." Any example will do out of a thousand—the theme of the serenade in Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," or that of Schubert's "Ave Maria," or that of the "Meistersinger" Prize Song. These are all delightful to the ear, that loves to savor them as the tongue savors honey. But is the undying charm of them the result of their mere melodic contour, or of something deeper than this, some unanalysable quality implicit in the *totality* of their expression? Surely the latter is the correct explanation. One is inclined to think so for two reasons. In the first place, while there certainly are melodies that give the same sort of sensuous pleasure to the ear that a beautiful curve gives to the eye, there are tens of thousands of others the emotional secret of which it is hopeless to try to explain on these lines. Some of the greatest of the world's melodies are so sparing in notes, so utterly unremarkable as regards their curve, that it is grotesque to seek to explain their magnetic power on purely, or even mainly, "melodic" grounds, even when they are merely melodic in the sense that they have no accompaniment. Take, as an example, the great D major melody of the finale of the Ninth Symphony, as it is first given out by the 'cellos and basses. Looked at purely as a piece of melody, could anything be more insignificant? It is a mere five-finger exercise—five notes with never more than an interval of a second between them, and with the two halves of the phrase precisely similar except for a trifling alteration at the end of the second. Will anyone say that the magic of this theme, or that of the cor anglais melody at the opening of the third Act of "Tristan," resides in anything that can be called simply "melody"? What the man in the street means by melody is simply primitive tuniness, musical prattle in words of one syllable, grateful to his ear because it is kind to his brain. The reactionary musician means something of the same thing by the word; he praises the melodies of the past because their simplicity and familiarity give them easy access to his intelligence. But even the music of the past is full of entrancing things that have little or no claim to consideration as melody, taking melody to mean tuniness—the first of the Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, for example, or the powerful aria of Orestes "Le calme rentre dans mon cœur," in Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," or the opening phrase of the "Leonora No. 3" overture. If melody is the intellectual "idea" of music, and music that has no melody is therefore destitute of enduring intellectual appeal, how are we to explain the magic of music like that set to the words "Nie-wieder-erwachens wahnlos hold bewusster Wunsch" in the "Tristan" duet? The melody of Schubert's "Ave Maria" or that of the "Freude, schöner Götterfunken" does convey something as a pure tune, apart from harmony: in the "Tristan" passage there is no melody at all in this sense: the effect does not come from the mere melodic lines themselves, but from some subtle alchemic power resulting from their union.

If then the popular conception of melody is incapable of explaining the effect of so many things of this kind, does it not stand to reason that the explanation of the beauty or the interest of pronouncedly "melodic" music also is to be sought less in the mere physical tonal contour than in the spiritual suggestions that the music conveys? Does it not come, in the last resort, simply to this, that

some music has brains and personality at the root of it, and other music has not? If it has, it can quite well dispense with obvious tunefulness; if it has not, all the tunefulness in the world will not save it. There is very little difference, so far as mere contour is concerned, between the descending chromatic passage of the "Tannhäuser" Pilgrims' Chorus and the music of Tosti's "Good-bye"; yet the one breathes elevated grief, while the other is a mere sentimental snivel. The "idea" of music is not in the mere notes and intervals that constitute the melody, but in the world of suggestion it carries with it; and the greatness of a piece of supreme music frequently comes less from anything particularly striking in the "melodic idea" than from the inexplicable power of this idea to unlock door after door of the soul as it proceeds on its way. If some dozens of Beethoven themes—the first and second subjects of the Fifth Symphony, for instance, or the first subject of the Eighth—were brought to a musician who was ignorant of their origin, he would be hard put to it to find anything distinguished in them. They are like people with plain faces who yet manage to convey an impression of personality. Nine-tenths of the power of Beethoven's symphonies and of Bach's preludes and fugues reside, to put it boldly, in the music, not in the melodies on which the music is supposed to be founded. The melodies themselves would often be the poorest of stuff in anyone else's hands. And it is just because the secret of music is in what it says, rather than in the mere way the melodic curves go—just as the secret of a man's personality may be in his eye rather than his facial outline—that the vitally new men are accused of being unmelodic; it is not people's ears that are outraged, but the bundle of habits that constitutes their mental life. It is for this reason that melodic music is always the music of yesterday, and unmelodic music the music of to-morrow.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

The Drama.

A FABLE FOR CHRISTIANS.

"Androcles and the Lion." A Fable Play by Bernard Shaw.
Produced at the St. James's Theatre.

The Emperor	LEON QUARTERMAINE
The Captain	BEN WEBSTER
Androcles	O. P. HEGGIE
The Lion	EDWARD SILLWARD
Lentulus	DONALD CALTHROP
Metellus	HESKETH PEARSON
Ferrovius	ALFRED BRYDONE
Spintho	J. F. OUTRAM
Centurion	H. O. NICHOLSON
The Editor	HERBERT HEWETSON
The Call Boy	NEVILLE GARTSIDE
Secutor	ALLAN JEVES
Retiarius	J. P. TURNBULL
The Menagerie Keeper	BALLOL HOLLOWAY
The Slave Driver	RALPH HUTTON
Megaera	CLARE GREET
Lavinia	LILLIAN MCCARTHY

OUR English critics are so much more concerned with an author's manner than with his ideas, and Mr. Shaw's manner is so provoking, wilful, capricious, and brilliantly advertised, that the first hint of it sends off the whole pack, hot on a wrong scent. Take his "Androcles and the Lion." The title is, in a sense, false, or at least intentionally misleading. It is a mere tag, running, like the lion's tail, after the main stuff of the drama. Mr. Shaw, I presume, designed to write a play on Young Christianity, coming athwart Old Paganism, and, like all fresh things, half-routing the ancient faith and being half-defeated by it. An admirable subject, especially tempting and suggestive to Mr. Shaw's clear, objective intelligence. But how repaint it, so that its scheme and coloring may stick for a few flying moments to those quick-washed tablets, the popular mind? I suppose that Mr. Shaw worked it out after this fashion. Clearly all stage Christians must, sooner or later, come to the lions. Why not to a good old fabular lion, the lion with the thorn in his foot, the grateful lion

of Androcles? So between two excellent music-hall turns, in the first of which the lion waltzes round the stage with Androcles (metamorphosed into a Christian tailor), while in the second he claws at the purple of the affrighted Caesar's robe, you have an ironic comedy which some, but not all, may read. Thus are truths embodied in tales. And thus, too, may their morals be missed. For some will think "Androcles and the Lion" merely irreverent, and others, like Mr. Walkley, will only laugh at Mr. Sillward's closely and comically studied lion.

But, indeed, the play, if light, and unequal in texture, is one of those facile performances of genius, in which it collects the fruits of scholarship, and gives them fresh savor and significance. In a sense Mr. Shaw's Christians are as characterless as Newman's. And yet he has constructed, or half-constructed, a true drama of early Christianity. He has chosen his types artfully enough, both to illustrate the Christian idea and to show why it conquered. "Christianity," says one of its historians, "did not owe its final victory to superiority of dogma." Rather it re-charged the world with a fresh life-force to take the place of a dying one. I do not know whether Mr. Shaw has read the letters of Ignatius, but they give a picture of the early Christian spirit not unlike that which his pilgrims exhibit on the road to Rome and martyrdom. Whatever that spirit may have been, there is a multitude of witnesses to show that it was not mere fanaticism or dogmatism. Mr. Shaw well suggests that it was a gift that enabled the Christians, like their Master, to overcome a world which had some strong affinities with our own. So he makes them cherish a natural love of life, but look joyfully on a horrible death because something has been born in their souls that opens to them, not precisely a material heaven or the rapture of a swiftly dawning Advent day, but a free joyousness, almost a levity, of heart, to which the timid egoism of their pagan lords is bound to succumb. Mr. Shaw seems to me to depict very well the super-worldliness, the brother-and-sisterliness, of the Christian converts. They have not, like the Gnostics, a very precise scheme about the Divine. Lavinia, his Christian intellectual, will not let the Roman captain draw her into a definition of God, for, as she says, if they would know all about Him, they would have to be gods themselves. Androcles is a Christian because his love of animals finds full play in his new creed; and Ferrovius, the born gladiator, because it has half-tamed the brute in him. Only Spintho, the ex-rake and rascal, who sacks the heathen temples and is the materialised dogmatist of the band, really hopes to buy Paradise with the death whose anticipated terrors shake his trembling body. But against the faith of the spirit paganism fights in vain. The pilgrims darn the Roman soldiers' clothes, steal into their hearts, freely forgive them the sins and cruelties of which they are the agents in advance, and cheer the march with an early version of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The Roman captain, who has no faith to lose, only the worldly wisdom of the State religionist, cannot understand it. "Why commit suicide for something you are not dead sure of? Throw a pinch of incense on to the altars of Diana," he cries to Lavinia. What difference can it make? But Lavinia cannot do it, though she is near the conception which the intellectual of her time (and of all times) attained, that of the good in all creeds. Something in her, which seems a little near to the anti-Christian failing of pride, and a little nearer still to the pagan conception of honor, forbids her; and here Mr. Shaw, with his brilliant but not always deep feeling for truth, approaches a denial of the spiritual life he is trying to portray. He understands the charm, but not the "folly," of the Cross. Enlightened common-sense did not carry the Christians to the Coliseum, any more than it saved the Roman Empire.

But Mr. Shaw's difficulty is what to do with his Christians when he has brought them to Rome and the arena? Androcles and his lion will, of course, help, for he will refuse to eat Androcles. How can the others be saved? Saved they must be, for their destruction would slay Mr. Shaw's comedy. The solution is ingenious, for it turns an ironic light both on the old pagan society, and

our own re-paganised one which, with an indifferent title, still bears the name of Christian. The denying Peter of the new apostolate is Ferrovius, the muscular Christian, whose thorn in the flesh is a prodigious physique and an appalling temper. The Christians are to be slaughtered by the gladiators, and are given swords for their defence. But non-resistance is the Christian watchword, and Caesar and his Romans cannot endure a tame massacre. So the whips are called in to goad the Christians to fight, and at the first blow Ferrovius forgets his Master, and slays six gladiators with his own hand. The enraptured Emperor, almost persuaded to be a Christian by this magnificent demonstration of the Imperial usefulness of the new creed, pardons the comrades of Ferrovius, and enlists the now repentant giant for the Pretorian Guard. And, sadly, Ferrovius consents. Mars, he feels, is still too strongly seated in his heart, and in the heart of the world; one must worship the God of to-day, not the God of to-morrow. The idea is not precisely new, for Anatole France embodies it in the passage in "Sur La Pierre Blanche," in which, after contemptuously judging the quarrels of Paul and Sosthenes, Gallio, Proconsul of Achæa, assigns the future sovereignty of the world to Hercules. In the same spirit Mr. Shaw distributes his rescued Christians among the pagan services. Androcles, the humanitarian, will look after the wild beasts, and the handsome young Captain will call on Lavinia, and resume their interrupted argument on religion and government. The whole concludes with a pantomimic romp, in which the lion, having declined to dine on Androcles, chases Caesar, and Caesar, emperor and god, clings to a pillar in affright, and the lion gloriously holds in fee the Roman Empire, the Early Christians, and Mr. Shaw's play to boot.

"Androcles and the Lion" is a fable, and will, I suppose, succeed as a farce. It was admirably produced by Mr. Granville Barker, with the right amount—and no more than the right amount—of scenery (the arena and the gladiators' quarters in the Coliseum were admirably suggested), and with some charming decorative work by Mr. Albert Rothenstein. Miss Lillah McCarthy made a very beautiful Lavinia, and so far as the play called for any special effort of the actors' art, rather than for a brisk, intelligent response to Mr. Shaw's fancy, it was freely given.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

THE BALKAN ATROCITIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have no wish to be reckoned among those who are engaged in hitting the unfortunate Bulgaria now that she is down. But there are limits beyond which misrepresentation should not be pushed, even by the losing side; and the letter of Messrs. Tsanoff, Stephanove, and Tatarcheff, published by you last week, is so lacking in that chastened spirit which defeat is supposed to bring with it, that I feel bound to protest against some of its assertions.

(1) It is quite incorrect to say that "Bulgaria met an enemy twice as strong numerically as that against Greece and Serbia together," or that the outcome of the whole war depended on Thrace. In reality, during the decisive first three weeks of the war, the Turks had almost as many troops in Macedonia as in Thrace; and except in the Janina district, the Turkish material, and still more its equipment, was distinctly superior in Macedonia. There were no Christians in the ranks, as in Thrace, and the Anatolian troops, especially before Monastir, fought splendidly, and committed no excesses. The Turks were in the majority during the first day of the Battle of Kumanovo, which, if less prolonged and, owing to better strategy, less bloody, was at least as decisive as Lule Burgas, since a Servian defeat would have ruined the whole plan of the Allies, and exposed Sofia to attack. Of course, owing to Greece's control of the sea, all Turkish reinforcements were directed against Bulgaria rather than her allies; but it must be

remembered that, to counterbalance this, Serbia sent 50,000 men to Adrianople, and Servian troops fought even at Bulair. Certainly, no foreign critic would admit that "Bulgaria's Army was equal to the combined forces of Serbia and Greece."

(2) "Bulgaria's victory cost her twice as heavy a price." This again is a gross exaggeration, but even the admission of its truth would prove nothing. Our heaviest losses in South Africa were due to mistakes. Competent critics maintain that the Bulgars wasted many men in needless frontal attacks, and it is certain that their neglect of sanitary precautions led to appalling losses from cholera. The percentage of deaths from wounds was five or six times higher among the Bulgars than among the Serbs, simply because the latter had good "first aid" arrangements.

(3) The letter boldly calls Macedonia "purely Bulgarian." But as every novice in Balkan affairs knows that there are also numerous Greeks, Serbs, Turks, Albanians, Coutzo-Vlachs, and Jews, and that the Macedonian Slavs are neither pure Bulgar nor pure Serb, but something between the two, it is hardly necessary to go into detail on the subject.

(4) To say that the Bulgarians did all in their power to prevent the second war, is astounding, in view of the Bulgarian attitude to the Czar's telegram (from the first they imposed as a condition for arbitration Serbia's acceptance of the Bulgarian standpoint), the methods employed to detach Serbia and Greece from each other, Dr. Danev's attitude to Roumania, and the circumstances under which hostilities commenced. To say that the second war was provoked by Serbia fortifying Ovchepolye—in other words, by her strengthening the defences which enabled her to repulse the midnight attack which Bulgaria substituted for a declaration of war—is a mere phrase. The Servians declined to evacuate the territory in dispute, the Bulgarians tried to eject them and failed. It matters little on which side the aggression lay; the real question is whether the possession of the Vardar Valley and of a frontier with Greece is a vital interest of the Servian kingdom. If it is, Serbia was right; if it is not, she was wrong. *Tertium non datur.*

(5) The most misleading statement in the letter I have reserved till last. It is asserted that the Treaty of London left the Bulgarians in actual possession of scarcely more territory than that seized by either Greece or Serbia. The true facts are best shown in tabular form:—

	Territory		Area of four States		Area claimed by Bulgaria.
	overrun	actually held after Treaty of London.	before first war.	after first war.	
		(in square kilometers)			
Bulgaria	58,650	49,050	95,350	145,400	164,400
Servia	51,600	35,800	43,550	84,350	72,350
Montenegro	7,950	5,850	9,200	15,050	15,050
Greece	39,300	33,650	64,650	98,300	91,300

The territorial relations of Servia and Bulgaria were changed by the first war from 48'96 to 34'145; if Bulgaria had obtained all she claimed, they would have been 72'164—in other words, more than double. This can hardly be described as unfavorable to Bulgaria—at least, from the statistical standpoint put forward by your correspondents. Of course, the second war has altered everything, and as the Turks are to remain in Adrianople, the Greeks in Kavala, and the Roumanians in Baltchik, Bulgaria really will have obtained no more than her former allies. But this deeply regrettable result is not the work of the Treaty of London, but of Bulgaria's diplomatic and military failure. *Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint.*

In conclusion, may I endorse the view expressed by Mr. Symonds, of the Balkan Committee, in yesterday's "Times"? Surely it is time to put an end to this hideous campaign of charges and counter-charges—often false and even oftener exaggerated, and always envenomed by racial hate and party aims—and to succor the miserable survivors at the seat of war. I venture to add a plea in favor of a charter of equal rights for every racial and religious minority in the Balkans. All the rival States are far too intolerant to show any enthusiasm for concessions on a cultural basis. But Western opinion would do well to advocate such a solution of the racial question in Macedonia; for the only alternative is the adoption of Magyar methods of forcible assimila-

tion in school, Church, and administration—a policy which cannot make for peace in the Balkans.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

Ayton House, Abernethy,
Sept. 3rd, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter from Miss Durham, which appeared in your issue of July 26th.

I have no intention here of entering into a polemical discussion with your correspondent, who passes with such typically feminine impulsiveness from sympathy to hate, inasmuch as I have already expressed, in my letter to the "Times" of August 1st, my opinion of the accusations which Miss Durham makes against Montenegro.

I must, however, point out to your readers that even if Miss Durham's story is true it proves absolutely nothing.

Fouché said: "Give me a line of a man and I will hang him with it." But nowadays such methods are out of date, and it needs more complete evidence to establish a case against even a private individual, much less a whole nation.

Miss Durham persistently ignores the contributing elements which go to make history, and that it is by the study of Serb history of past centuries, not by espousing a present-day political cause, that one arrives at a just view of Balkan matters.

Miss Durham has got to prove by accumulative historic evidence that Montenegro and the Serb race in general are not capable of representing and maintaining civilisation in Albania—and, I may be permitted to remind your readers, in this respect, that these countries had the Parliamentary and jury system before many other States in Europe, and, further, that the resistance of the Serb nation to the expansion of the Turk—in the past centuries—was a powerful factor in the peaceful development of Europe.

When Miss Durham has submitted her proofs, based on the only lines which can be admitted as evidence, and not upon isolated and distorted facts, it will be time enough to return to the discussion which she has raised.—Yours, &c.,

COUNT LOUIS DE VOINOVITCH

King Street, St. James's,
September 1st, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. L. D. Woodruff, in your issue of August 23rd, claims freedom from responsibility for the Bulgarian Government for the massacres which have taken place, which he does not dispute, because I have disclaimed responsibility for the Greek Government, because no massacres were committed by any body of soldiers under officers of sufficient seniority to control them in the Greek army. The body of gentlemen sent out to the theatre of war under the Carnegie patronage were selected, I understand, for their impartiality and entire freedom from bias towards one or other of the combatants, will doubtless quickly report upon the degree of responsibility which attaches to any of them, and will not fail to distinguish between blood feuds, the instigation of Komitajis to do what would not be permitted by regular forces under recognised officers, and the acts of regular forces contrary to the usages of modern warfare.

The conduct of the Greeks in the first phase of the war is not questioned in regard to massacres. The second phase arose after an act of war by the Bulgarians, preceding a declaration of war by the Greek Government. The Greeks at the time held Hellenic towns, or towns filled with Greeks. Does your correspondent wish us to infer that the Greek Government either was a party to, or did not try to prevent, the massacre of their own citizens, yet the victims were largely Greeks and Turks, also enemies of the Bulgarians? And if the Greeks were equal murderers with Bulgarians, should the inhabitants of Dedeağatch fall into panic when it was known that the Greek troops would evacuate that town, in virtue of the Treaty of Bucharest? Why should the Bulgarian Government take such pains to make it appear that the atrocities committed were the work of Komitajis, and beg the Greeks, through the channel of the Russian Legation at Athens, to prolong the occupation of Xanthi, Gumuljina, and Dedeağatch until the arrival of regular Bulgarian troops if they knew their record was as

clean as that of the Greeks? The panic set in when it was known the regulars were likely to take possession. Why?—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands, August 31st, 1913.

EXPERIMENTS ON DOGS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the "Times" of July 26th last, Sir Edward Schäfer published a letter in defence of vivisectional experiments on dogs which seemed to me peculiarly open to criticism and comment. I thereupon wrote to you the letter, under the above heading, which appeared in your issue of August 9th, and in which I said, amongst other things: "Sir Edward Schäfer, as we know, subjected dogs to all the agonies of drowning in the course of a series of experiments undertaken to determine what happened during death by drowning. It is certain that he thought himself justified in so doing; but it is equally certain that there are many who in their conscience believe that such experiments transgress the right rule of conduct, and instead of benefiting mankind, do infinite harm to humanity."

Your correspondent, Mr. W. M. Fletcher, in your issue of yesterday, quotes the first of the sentences above-cited, but omits the second. He then refers me to "full descriptions" of the experiments "undertaken by Professor Schäfer at the request of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society in an investigation of the routine methods of saving life in the cases of the apparently drowned," published by that Society, which published account, he says, shows that "in every case . . . the dog was fully anaesthetised at the beginning by chloroform or ether, or both, with or without morphia as well, and no dog suffered either drowning or recovery from drowning, except in a completely insensible condition."

Finally, Mr. Fletcher calls upon me to "explain" whether I "brought an odious charge of unnecessary cruelty against a distinguished man after reading, or without reading, the published accounts of his experiments."

I reply as follows:—

(1) I do not know what Mr. Fletcher means by "unnecessary cruelty." "Cruelty" being the unnecessary (or unjustifiable) infliction of pain, can never be either necessary or justifiable as, by implication, Mr. Fletcher's epithet assumes that it may be.

(2) Whether my words, as above quoted, amount to an "odious charge" I will leave your readers to judge.

(3) I took my facts from the best possible source—viz., Professor Schäfer's own evidence before the Royal Commission on Vivisection. I have not the report with me here, but you, sir, will remember that, before my letter appeared, I supplied you with references to, and quotations from, the Command Paper in question, which showed that at least two dogs were "subjected to all the agonies of drowning" by Professor Schäfer, without anaesthetics of any kind—by being held under water. The statement that these experiments were "undertaken to determine what happened during death by drowning" is, if I remember rightly, in Professor Schäfer's own words.

Perhaps Mr. Fletcher will kindly "explain" whether he accuses me of negligence or false statement, "after reading, or without reading," the published reports of Professor Schäfer's evidence before the Royal Commissioners!

I am quite willing to believe that "the Schäfer method of resuscitation" of human beings does all that is claimed for it; but I do not believe that it was necessary to make these experiments on dogs in order to demonstrate its efficiency; and, in any case, I hold that to subject dogs—be their number great or small—"to all the agonies of drowning," whether in quest of evidence in support of a new method of "resuscitation," or "to determine what happens during death by drowning," is an unjustifiable proceeding, and detrimental to the highest interest of humanity.

Mr. Fletcher, of course, thinks otherwise. I can only say that I profoundly disagree with him.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. GREENWOOD.

Compton, Sussex, August 31st, 1913.

[We may perhaps suggest to Mr. Greenwood that Mr. Fletcher's view of the rightness of the Schäfer experiments appears to be governed by his belief that the dogs were all anaesthetised.—ED., NATION.]

SEA-POWER AND DEFENCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There may be others besides myself who have read your article of last Saturday on "Sea Power and Defence" in very cordial sympathy with your main plea, but with serious perplexity as to some points of it.

You say: "We should restrict the Navy, like the Army, to defence, and have the foreign policy to match them." Certainly, I agree, as to the main idea and aim of our armaments and policy. But in war—which is the hypothesis in all armaments—is it not constantly the case that the offensive is the only effective defensive? And is it not, therefore, by the necessities of offence that our forces must be reckoned? That as regards strategy; and as to policy, there was more than defence in Gladstone's sending of British warships to Smyrna in 1880 to compel Turkey's cession of territory to Greece. Is it possible for either our strategy or our policy to be wholly defensive?

Again, you lay much to the account of our Government's refusal to consent to the abolition of sea-capture and of commercial blockade in time of war, and I am with you in regretting that refusal. But, considering our continual dependence on sea-borne supplies, is it credible that an enemy with a great navy would be hindered from attacking us where we are so vulnerable by international agreements which were without material sanctions to enforce them—whatever effects such agreements might have afterwards in the settlement of accounts? I wish I could find it easier than I do to "suppose," as you bid us, "our overseas supplies secured by the abolition of commercial blockade and of commercial capture, and the great highways of sea commerce neutralised."

Again, that supposition being made, you ask: "Would not the whole vast edifice of Mahanism dwindle down to the problem of protecting coasts from invasion which, even for a country like England"—which I take to mean Great Britain and Ireland—"with an enormous coast-line, could be discharged by new types of ships far more efficiently than by the present type, and at a tithe of the cost?" Does that mean that we need charge ourselves only with the security of these islands, and that the rest of the Empire is negligible in the question? Is it not the Empire that makes the problem of defence so tremendous?

Frankly, I detest the presenting of objections which belong to the common stock of those who are hostile to the whole peace propaganda; but I do so only to ask your help in meeting them. They concern the problem mainly on its material side, which you have yourself chosen for discussion—the problem as it stands in terms of the rival forces and ambitions of the nations, their relative wealth, and the security of each against the others, regarded as potential enemies. These are elements of the case that need to be faced and estimated not only by the big army and navy men, but also by the friends of peace. But on that material side alone, and on the mere plea of maintaining more cheaply our material security, the problem of armaments is, I believe, wholly insoluble. We shall not escape from the present desperate entanglement except by the more effectual operation among us of the ideals of international goodwill and good faith, and common interest and confidence.—Yours, &c.,
Pax.

Stanley, Perthshire, September 1st, 1913.

[We cannot re-state the whole of our argument, but we ask "Pax" two questions, which illustrate its meaning. First, has the recent gross expansion of armaments made any country feel safer against any other? Secondly, has it made us or any other Power more disposed to humanitarian action? Certainly, final action must be collective. But is no Power ever to begin?—ED., NATION.]

AMERICAN PRISON METHODS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of August 30th I see a letter, signed "W. D.," in which the writer, advocating "modern" prison methods, says: "Why should we proceed with caution?" for, he continues, we have only to copy the methods which "have been in successful operation" in the U.S.A. for more than a generation. The query arises in one's mind: What is "success" for a penal code, or, I should say, for penal methods? Surely, sir, such success would mean diminution of crime? Now, when the increase of the very worst of

crime is appalling all thoughtful Americans, is it the moment for Great Britain, or any nation in its senses, to adopt that country's methods without the very greatest caution, if at all?

Your correspondent has evidently not studied U.S.A. criminal statistics. Here are a few for him. Murder, being the high-water mark of crime, is a tolerable indication of criminality. I will quote from an article by Mr. Maurice Low, which was in the "Morning Post" on the 10th of November last. "Murder and crimes of violence have increased enormously in the United States during the last few years. The increase has been so great and so startling that it has led to much searching of editorial consciences. It is not alone in the large cities, with their lawless element, that this increase is noticed. In New York during last July there was one murder a day. In Chicago there has been an average of 193 homicides a year for the last five years; last year there were 221. The coroner compares Chicago with London, which, in a population three times as great, had, in the same year, thirty-three homicides." I would point out that Mr. Low was quoting American statistics and comments on this state of things. He goes on to quote the "New York Evening Post" as having said: "... the facts must be brought home to the public knowledge and conscience if there is to be any hope of improvement."

Now "W. D." may contend that murder, as being a capital offence, is not likely to be influenced by penal methods. Therefore, I will quote for him from words written by the Dean of Denver in 1911. "Crime is steadily increasing from one for every 3,000, of the population fifty years ago, to one for every 300. To-day there is one criminal in actual durance for every 250 of the population of Colorado."

This is, sir, of course, begging the question. It is open to anyone to contend that without the "better methods" Americans might be in yet greater distress at disorder in their midst. But, all the same, as the one sole object of penalty is to diminish crime, in mercy, both to criminals and their victims, it would seem somewhat mad for us blindly to adopt methods which, however apparently superior, conspicuously fail in this one object.—Yours, &c.,

September 3rd, 1913.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

COMPARISON OF SHADED MAPS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Archdeacon Escreet's letter in your issue of August 30th recalls a comparison recently made between shaded maps of the U.S.A., published by the Woman's Suffrage Societies on the one hand, and the Prohibition Party on the other.

Equally startling was the disclosure that, though the liquor interest in the U.S.A., as elsewhere, considers, and rightly considers, that Woman Suffrage is its enemy, few of the States which have enforced Prohibition have granted Woman Suffrage, while few of the Suffrage States are Prohibition.

Kansas, in fact, is the only State white in both maps. Nevada the only one black.

The Prohibition States are chiefly in the East, the Suffrage in the West.—Yours, &c.,

D. B. McLAREN.

Haslemere, August 30th, 1913.

CONSCRIPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter appearing in your journal in its issue of May 3rd, in which exception is taken to a statement published elsewhere, that: "You would have to search New Zealand, for those opposed to the Defence Act, as diligently as you would have to search for a needle in a haystack."

This statement is perhaps as exaggerated as much as the statements regarding conscription put forward by Mr. T. C. Gregory, are exaggerated. The truth lies, indeed, in the middle way, and I hope—indeed, I was asked by an English lady, who is a reader of your most interesting paper—to put the general position before you, so that you will see there is a great wave of opinion in favor of the Act, and utterly opposed to the school that regards self-training as militarism and self-defence as criminal.

The district from which I write is near the hotbed of

the opposition to the Act. There have been, out of a population of 4,000, some twenty prosecutions of youths. But not one of those proffered any excuse but that of carelessness, or ignorance, or wilfulness. The lads themselves have taken to the work kindly. On the King's birthday some seventy paraded. They are interested in their corps, and are enormously proud of the part they took in the great march across the island in order to attend the manoeuvres at Christchurch. They have instituted a Territorial hall. They are talking of forming a Territorial club, a football team, and sending out a cricket eleven. They themselves have improved in gait and physique. They have enjoyed their camps, and are taking a pride in their soldiering behavior, and all this, in the face of the leaders of the Socialist Party dinning into their ears the need of constant resistance to the evils of infamous conscription.

One of the reasons why this Territorial movement is so successful here is that the class of men employed in our gold mines is a very much travelled class. Many indeed have worked in the Northern Territory of Australia, and in Queensland, and Westralia. There they have come in contact with the yellow race. Here they are, one and all, in favor of military training. A man who has worked alongside educated Japanese, posing as unskilled miners, forms his conclusions, and here, at any rate, gladly supports the Territorial movement. You in England place your confidence in the navy that so triumphantly rides the strip of narrow sea between you and Europe. You do not know what an alien invasion may mean. We have Chinamen in our midst, and the British fleet is far away. If that fleet were swept away we know what the result would be. We know it by intuition, and we arm in defence of our nationality—of that race of which we are so proud.

It has also been made to appear, not only in your valuable paper, but elsewhere, that we suffer from this same conscription. We suffer lightly if it be conscription. We take lads from street corners and give them eighteen to twenty-four drills a year and a week's holiday on good pocket-money per annum. It has also been suggested that the conscription idea was forced upon us. Nothing indeed is farther from the mark. Even if it had been—we say it was mooted and discussed before; in 1911 we could have thrown out every member, had we so wished, who had supported the scheme, but returned them to Parliament again. We have now a by-election in this district. Out of the three candidates the Liberal supports the Defence Act, the Conservative or "Reform" candidate supports it, and the third candidate, a Socialist, and President of the Federation of Labor, who stood at the last election in 1911, then was in favor of sparing our precious blood by subsidising the British navy. Britons will not blame us if we show a higher standard than this and train ourselves and our boys to fight for the Flag of the Empire.

Rightly does Mr. Gregory say, we are only a million here. All the more need, sir, that each man should know his arm, know his officer, know his place, that we may show the world that we are prepared to defend our altars and our hearths.

One word in regard to the Sellars family (not Lettars, as it is written in the letter). We have the law, and all coming here are expected to abide by the law. Why should Mr. Sellars and his family be an exception? He speaks of British freedom. It is evidently not worthy of being defended—or of training youths to defend. We weep no tears over Mr. Sellars and his boys. He was laughed at from one end of New Zealand to the other.

There are faults, I admit, in the Defence Act. Time will see these amended. But, sir, I assure you that the Defence Act is not considered a frightful imposition. We of the Colonies have realised, because we are so few, the necessity of defence, and we readily take up our places. National defence rifle clubs for older men are springing up everywhere, Veterans' Clubs are being formed, and associations of old volunteers are being instituted.

Why will men seek to throw dust in the eyes of our English friends and lead your readers to believe that we are opposed to the Act? It is only the aggressive, the noisy, the blatant portion of the community that oppose it. The great silent voter will not see the Act swept away.—

Yours, &c.,
CECIL B. THORNTON.
(Editor, "Inanyauna Times," Reefton.)
Reefton, New Zealand.

THE CAUSE OF RISING PRICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of August 23rd, Mr. J. A. Hobson asks for a little tough thinking on the question of the cost of living.

There is little doubt that the question is a prominent one, and one, moreover, in which a large amount of very loose thinking is indulged. Most people, when discussing this question, mix up at least three more or less different phenomena:—

1. The increased cost of living.
2. The insistence upon comfortable living on the part of modern people.
3. The rising price of all articles as measured in terms of gold.

Mr. Hobson deals almost entirely with the last of these; and so long as he confines himself to it, he is entitled to insist that a rise in wages has no effect. But most people are concerned with the three divisions; and, in that case, I think it must be admitted that a rise in wages can have an effect in raising prices.

The price of every article appears to me to be made up of two values: first, one which might be called the real value, made up of rent, labor, and interest. Secondly, the artificial value measured in terms of gold. This second value is admittedly unaffected by changes in wages. But the former, it appears, may be affected by a change in any of its constituents. If all increased proportionally, the price of the article would rise, but the "cost of living" to the three classes—landlords, workers, and capitalists—would remain unaltered.

To my mind, however, the increasing population of the world, combined with almost universal land monopoly, has enabled the landlords to increase rent more rapidly than the worker has increased his wages, and therefore obviously to obtain a larger share of the wealth produced.

With regard to the insistence upon comfortable living, this may again be divided into three parts:—

1. The municipal expenditure upon health, &c.
2. The alterations in articles of diet.
3. The increased expenditure upon luxuries.

The first of these, like foreign investment, will shortly have a beneficial effect. The second does not receive the attention it deserves. It is well-known that an acre of land devoted to oats will not support as many people as an acre of maize; wheat supports still fewer, and, least of all, cattle.

Now, to anyone connected with the food trade, as I am, nothing is more striking than the rapid transition from rice and maize to wheat, and from wheat to cattle. Experts are constantly underestimating the consumption of wheat, particularly in India and countries of about the same stage of development. This change really lessens the amount of goods produced, and so raises prices. But, nevertheless, we should hesitate to condemn it.

The increase of expenditure on luxuries, like that on armaments, is, from an economic view point, entirely bad. I have not a list of the number of men engaged in the manufacture of luxuries and armaments, but I should imagine much more labor is wasted on the former, and that the waste is increasing even more rapidly. I fear, however, I am taking up too much of your space, and therefore will close.—

Yours, &c.,
P. HOCKADAY.
22, Bryanston Road, St. Michael's, Liverpool.
August 31st, 1913.

THE WESLEYAN NEW YEAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To-morrow a new year begins in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. About a third of the ministers, whose total number in Great Britain is 2,509, will occupy pulpits to which they have been newly-appointed. In each of the 8,452 chapels it will be remembered that a new church year has dawned. This must count for something in the beliefs and habits of the people. It may interest readers of THE NATION, within and without the community which Wesley founded, if one of the least of his followers attempts to set forth, briefly, what the outlook seems to be in this particular part of "Christ's Church militant here on earth."

It is an expectant and refreshing outlook. Although the first Sunday in September is the beginning of the

Wesleyan calendar, the keynote of the year's promise and polity has been struck already. This happened at the annual Conference held at Plymouth a few weeks ago; it was of a singularly confident and hopeful character. Notwithstanding that it immediately succeeded a short series of rather disappointing years, and that it had to deal with a special doctrinal difficulty, the spirit of the Conference was buoyant throughout. It recognised with thankfulness "the signs of religious revival which are evident in various parts of the Connexion." It expressed the opinion that "the time is now ripe for a combined Methodist spiritual forward movement, in which all our churches, ministers, workers, and members shall participate." Mr. Birrell says that Wesley, from his early days, learned to "regard religion as the business of his life." It would seem that his latest followers are learning that lesson afresh.

The outlook in Wesleyan Methodism is characteristically comprehensive. It is informed by public spirit. Questions like these—the serious increase of expenditure upon armaments and the necessity of influencing public opinion so that international amity and love amongst the different nations may permanently be secured; the opium traffic; labor unrest; the temperance movement; the Sunday question—have their due place in the Methodist mind. Two initial steps are being taken in relation to the younger branches of Methodism. A small committee is inquiring as to the possibility of the reunion of the various branches of the Methodist Church. Also more stringent care will be taken to avoid overlapping among the several churches which bear the Methodist name. As the outlook of a church must be determined very much by the genius of its governing officer, it is satisfactory to know that the newly-elected President of the Conference, the Rev. Samuel Collier, of Manchester, is universally admired and trusted. It may be said that he has given Wesleyan Methodism a watchword—"Fervent, definite, aggressive evangelism." The year will become memorable as the centenary year of the Foreign Missionary Society. An attempt to raise a thankoffering of £260,000 for purposes of missionary extension is being vigorously pursued.—Yours, &c.,

J. EDWARD HARLOW.

30, Cauldwell Street, Bedford.
August 30th, 1913.

THE LIBERAL WOMEN'S SUFFRAGIST UNION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—My primary object in writing to you was to call attention to the disintegrating effect of Mrs. Acland's proposals on Liberal organisations throughout the country.

Mr. F. E. Marshall evidently agrees with Mrs. Acland's new move, and I never doubted that there were many such Liberals, but I am not disposed to regard them as the peculiar custodians of the "honor and reputation" of the party or the only true interpreters of its "principles."

I did not imply "that the majority of women are not desirous of, nor qualified for, the vote, but that the majority are either not so desirous or so qualified," and if there is evidence to the contrary let us have it.

Nor can I follow Mr. Marshall into the old question as to what amount of popular support was behind previous extensions of the franchise, or how far they serve any useful comparison with that now proposed. No such reform has been undertaken unless the party has been overwhelmingly in favor of it—with the exception of that "leap in the dark" over which Disraeli "dished the Whigs"—Mr. Marshall's not very helpful example.

The manner in which the education of women has proceeded during the last seven years has not altogether escaped me—nor the fact that progress in education has not always led to the demand for the vote. I should not think of saying that women's insistence on this claim showed want of breadth in their political views—I said that Mrs. Acland's method of insistence would be held by many to be another illustration of want of breadth.

Perhaps I ought not to expect any ready appreciation of my poor phrase, "the general interest of Liberal principles," from one who proceeds to demand "that some measure for the enfranchisement of women (and that is all that we are asking) shall, at the next election, be an essential plank in the Liberal platform." Nor can my other phrase, "honorable compromise," find acceptance with one who would

cheerfully exclude the Prime Minister, half his colleagues, and a good proportion of his fellow Liberals from the party in the attempt to rush a proposal which no possible Ministry is prepared to adopt, and for which a few "large and enthusiastic audiences" have declared—a recent "pilgrimage"—can hardly be said to supply the voice of the country. Mr. Marshall should have the courage of the opinions he really holds, and disown party-government altogether, but, like some others, he deems it a more subtle move to capture a party machine.

Mr. Marshall may be dissatisfied with the Government's action, but as Mr. Acland remains with them it is clear he does not think they have done anything discreditable. Is there not room for regret that, largely owing to the suffrage controversy, not one of the points of Electoral Reform on which the Liberal Party has been solid for over twenty years has yet been secured?

Though not, like Mr. Marshall, expecting to find unanimity on Woman Suffrage in the party, or prepared to see Procrustean methods applied to secure apparent uniformity, I am sincere in the desire for information—especially as to the opinion of women themselves.

The last thing I would do is to impute slackness of principle to Liberals who are prepared to proceed without such information.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. RAFFETY.

Temple, E.C., August 31st, 1913.

IS THE BOOK DECAYING?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your article, "The Decay of the Book," is a gloomy prelude to the Autumn publishing season, and it expresses, I am afraid, a very prevalent conviction.

Nevertheless, there is something to be said on the other side, and to your pessimistic contributor I should like to suggest certain consolations.

It is true, I suppose, that "the number of bad books issued nowadays is greater than it has ever been in the world's history," but is it not also true that the multitude of readers is now so vast that an enormous output of reading matter is inevitable? The bad books are more, and it is perhaps less easy to discern the good books than it was even twenty years ago, but the good books are there, and not, I believe, in fewer numbers than they have ever been.

Moreover, I believe that good work finds at this moment as instant a recognition as at any period in English literature. The reception given to Mr. James Stephens's "Crock of Gold," and Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers," to name only two recent successes, is proof enough of this.

Oscar Wilde's disaster involved the collapse of a great deal of preciousness and over-writing, but was it not in the years that immediately followed 1895 that Mr. Conrad and Mr. Galsworthy showed the world that English prose was in anything but a dying condition? We have had, during the first half of this year, Mr. Cannan's "Round the Corner," Mr. Marriott's "Catfish," Miss May Sinclair's "Combined Maze," Mr. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers," the completion of Mr. Onions's Trilogy, and those who have read, in serial form, Mr. Galsworthy's "Dark Flower," Mr. Conrad's "Chance," and Mr. Wells's "Passionate Friends," need not be ashamed of the English novel in 1913.

Surely your contributor is wrong in his assertion that the sixpenny magazines are slaying the talent of our younger authors! In America that may be so; but here it is notorious that the sixpenny magazines publish nothing of the work of the more promising younger writers, with the possible exception of Mr. Percival Gibbon and Mr. Oliver Onions.

Is it true that the "good writers envy the middling writers their banking account"? This is a generation that has seen the commercial success of Mr. Bennett, Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Hewlett, all of them writers who have refused to "be bought for a song" by the villain publishers. Does Mr. Henry James envy Mr. Hall Caine's banking account? I should doubt it.

We can find, if we look, that Walter Scott and Jane Austen complained bitterly of the output of "rubbish."

Let your contributor read the contemporary eulogies of the work of Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, or

Bulwer Lytton if he would discover the virtues of Victorian criticism.

Critics have, I suspect, always "permitted themselves to be used as ill-paid assistants of the advertising manager or his equivalent. Readers have always been "the slaves of fashion." And I deny absolutely that the real writers of to-day abase their talent before a voracious but ill-educated mob.

The circulating libraries! Yes. That is another question! It is certainly not the fault of the libraries that English fiction is in the fine healthy condition that it presents at this moment.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH WALPOLE.

Polperro, Cornwall.

September 3rd, 1913.

A RAILWAY TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to state, through THE NATION, that the proposed railway between the Crystal Palace and the Strand will link London and the business offices of the Dominions to the "life and soul of the nation," soon to be exemplified at Sydenham, from medievalism to modern triumphs, realistic and alive.

The glittering domes, as seen from Aldwych, suggest a vista dawn, struggling to radiate "an Imperial highway," connecting the Palace and grounds of Empire to the Metropolis and the world's commerce.

Based upon the Home and Dominion Governments accepting this estate as a British heritage, it will act as a stimulating air-shaft to the environs of London and the country at large.

A working "Empire Model," as an engine of progress, will generate an atmosphere of confidence, a popular breeze, and trade currents for the "business Dreadnought in the Strand."

The Commonwealth building plans resemble the bows of a great vessel, and when Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand are added, including India, the Colonial Office, and the Board of Trade, absorbing the Gaiety Theatre and adjacent premises, it will represent, in shape and meaning, "a ship of State, heading towards the news harbor" and the trade of the world.

The Crystal Palace, as the "lighthouse of the nation," sending its search-rays around the coasts of commerce, will assist the captains of industry to pilot the crafts of prosperity to the homes of the people; bridging industrial conflicts, promoting rural enterprises, and agricultural interests, finding new markets, and youth a trade! Bringing manufacturer and merchant together, promoting love of country, and pride of race! A seat of international goodwill, sports centre, and public entertainment.

The Overseas are willing and waiting Greater London's united action and the bulwark support of the entire kingdom.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. BAYST.

Woodford Green, September 1st, 1913.

Poetry.

POEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH.

I.—UNION.

TULSIDAS, the poet, as was his custom, was wandering, deep in thought, by the Ganges, in that lonely spot where they burn their dead.

He found a woman sitting at the feet of the corpse of her dead husband, gaily dressed as for wedding.

She rose as she saw him, bowed to him, and said, "Permit me, master, with your blessings, to follow my husband to heaven."

"Why such hurry, my daughter?" asked Tulsi. "Is not this earth also His who made heaven?"

"For heaven I do not hanker," said the woman. "I want my husband."

Tulsi smiled and said to her, "Go back to your home, my child. Before the month is over you will find your husband."

The woman went back with glad hope. Tulsi came to her every day and gave her high thoughts to think, till her heart was filled to the brim with love divine.

When the month was scarcely over, her neighbors came to her asking, "Woman, have you found your husband?"

The widow smiled and said, "I have."

Eagerly they asked, "Where is he?"

"In my heart is my lord, one with me," said the woman.

II.—THE DOOMED.

You had your rudder broken many a time, my boat, and your sails torn to shreds,

Often had you drifted towards the sea, dragging anchor and heeded not,

But now there has spread a crack in your hull and your hold is heavy with salt water.

Now is the time for you to end your voyage and take your rest, to be rocked into sleep by the lapping of the water by the beach.

Alas, I know all warning is vain.

You reck not wise advice, my foolish boat.

The veiled face of dark doom lures you.

The madness of the storm and the waves is upon you.

The music of the tide is rising high. You are shaken by the fever of dance.

Break, break your chain, my boat, and be free, and fearlessly rush to your wreck.

III.—THE WOMAN.

THE battle is over. After strife and struggles, the treasure is gathered and stored.

Come now, woman, with your golden jar of beauty! Wash away all dust and dirt, fill up all cracks and flaws, make the heap shapely and sound.

Come, beautiful woman, with the golden jar on your head!

The play is over. I have come to the village, and have set up my hearth-stone.

Now come, woman, carrying your vessel of sacred water with tranquil smile and devout love, make my home pure.

Come, noble woman, with your vessel of sacred water.

The morning is over. The sun is fiercely burning. The wandering stranger is seeking shelter.

Come, woman, with your full pitcher of sweetness—open your door, and with a garland of welcome ask him in.

Come, blissful woman, with your full pitcher of sweetness.

The day is over. The time has come to take leave.

Come, O woman, with your vessel full of tears! Let your sad eyes shed a tender twilight glow on the farewell path, and the touch of your trembling hand make the parting hour full.

Come, sad woman, with your vessel of tears.

The night is dark; the house is desolate and the bed empty, only the lamp for the last rites is burning.

Come, woman, bring your brimming jar of remembrance.

Open the door of the secret chamber with your unbraided hair and spotless white robe, replenish the lamp of worship.

Come, suffering woman, bring your brimming jar of remembrance.

IV.—AT THE DAY'S END.

THE current of my life-stream ran rapid and strong when I was young.

The spring breeze was thriftless, the trees were aflame with flowers; and the birds had no sleep for their songs.

I passed through them with a giddy speed, carried away by a flood of passion—I had no time to see and feel and take them into my being.

Now that youth has ebbd and I am stranded on the bank, I can hear the deep music of all things, the blended perfume of the woodlands comes wafted to me through the gentle evening air, and the sky opens its heart to me with all its stars.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Reviews.

THE TURK AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

"The Ottoman Empire, 1801-1913." By WILLIAM MILLER, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a book of 537 pages, full of information, by a writer who has passed several years in the Near East. In the present as in previous books he shows himself accurate and painstaking. In the turmoil of the last quarter of a century, and especially of last year, many readers must have felt the need of a book which would give the recent history of Turkey and the Balkan States. The present volume supplies such need. It recounts the struggles and eventual success of the Roumanians, Greeks, Serbs, Bulgarians, and Montenegrins, and the contemporaneous disintegration of the Turkish Empire. Its most complete chapters are those that treat of Greece, the country which Mr. Miller apparently knows best. The story of each of the new States is full of dramatic incidents, and will furnish material for historical novelists for many years to come. Probably most readers of the volume under notice will be surprised to find, in the struggles of the various races in the Balkans, examples of heroism, self-sacrifice, ambition, and patriotism which recall, and even surpass, those given in the excellent work of Sir Rennell Rodd dealing with Greece immediately before and during the early Ottoman entry into Europe. The names of the makers of Roumania and Greece reappear in those of their descendants as leaders of the two countries. Even in Turkey, the present Grand Vizier, though still a young man, is the grandson of the famous Albanian, Mehemet Ali, whose deeds a century ago occupied the thoughts of our grandfathers.

Mr. Miller's volume shows, *inter alia*, that the conduct of Britain in reference to the States struggling for freedom in the Balkans has not always been beyond reproach, though there are many occasions when we can look back upon it with satisfaction. The instinct of the nation was usually right. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino had the approval of the people, though the Government of the day chose to speak of it in meaningless phrase as "an untoward event." Palmerston and Peel, in 1841, urged King Otho to grant a constitution to the Greeks; his father, on the other hand, with the true Tory instinct, telling him that to concede it would be the ruin of his throne. Yet three years later Lord Lyons, when the King had taken the oath to the Constitution, wrote enthusiastically about the way in which this great political change had been consummated, and Lord Aberdeen, in 1844, declared that the self-command of the Greeks was "highly creditable to them." Much more might be said in defence of Britain's action in regard to the Don Pacifico claims than has been said by Mr. Miller. In the interest, not only of Britain, but of all civilised nations, it is well to let semi-barbarous peoples understand that they must pay their debts, and there is more reason for finding fault with British or French action in not letting a nation like Turkey believe that she cannot accumulate debts with impunity than in sending a force, as Britain did, to compel Greece to pay, or as France did a few years ago, in occupying Mytilene, with the same object.

The reader of this volume will probably conclude that in dealing with Turkey and the Balkan States Mr. Gladstone's method of invoking the Concert of Europe is the most effective. The Crimean War, a foolish business from beginning to end, would have been avoided if the Gladstonian principle had been observed. But the ambition of Napoleon III. destroyed the European Concert and forced on a war for his own personal ends. As Mr. Miller points out, and as Kinglake set forth more fully, the British Government maintained the Concert until it appeared to be on the point of success, and then, on the instigation of France, Austria, and Prussia, were left out. The Concert of Europe failed also in 1877, because Turkey believed that Britain was not sincere in urging the collective demands for reforms. Britain in Constantinople spoke with a double voice, and the official newspapers, when Lord Salisbury left that city after the failure of the conference, poured small ridicule upon him. One of them headed an article "Bravo, Sir Elliot," in which Sir Henry was lauded as the friend of Turkey, while his colleague was treated as its enemy.

Everybody who knows the present situation will recognise that up to the present moment Europe has been spared a terrible war by Sir Edward Grey's successful attempts to maintain the Concert.

The book under notice gives us the story of the steady growth, amid startling vicissitudes, of each of the States in the Balkan Peninsula, and shows us how far they have travelled. We have advanced far from the time of our grandfathers, when official usage classified all orthodox subjects of the Sultan as Greeks. Until nearly the Crimean War, Greece had the undoubted lead of all the Christian races. It was natural that she should sympathise with Russia in the Crimean War, and thus compel Britain and France to occupy the Piræus till 1857; for she owed much to Russia. But during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 the Greeks of Athens, and even of Constantinople, were steadily hostile to the liberation of Bulgaria. They had already become obsessed by the *idée grande*, and their obtrusive patriotism looked with suspicion on all other races which interfered with its realisation. Even Roumania was regarded as hostile, and continued to be so regarded until a month ago. Though there is not an iota of difference between the creeds of any of the Balkan States, hostilities, due to lingual and racial causes, were increased by the fact that the Holy Orthodox Church, an institution which has rendered service of immense value to Eastern Christians, tried to prove its Catholicity by Greekicising all the Churches of the Balkans. These differences were cultivated by the Turks, who fully realised the value of *divide et impera*. A current parable, heard with glee in every village coffee-house, explains Turkey's strength in diplomacy and her policy towards Christians whether Great Powers or her own subjects. "Once upon a time," it runs, "a Sultan suspended the carcass of a sheep just out of reach of the village pack. Many attempts were made to snatch a morsel, but all of them led to quarrels among the dogs." As with the Powers striving to dismember Turkey, so also with the dogs of Christians. While they were quarrelling among themselves Turkey would be safe.

Middle-aged men will find many of the incidents which are just beyond their memory, well and fully told; the election of Charles to the Principedom of Roumania against the wish of the Austrian Emperor, who tried in vain to prevent his passage out of Austria, and equally against that of the King of Prussia, but with the approval of Bismarck, who undertook to manage his old master; the entry of the future King as a "spectacled second-class passenger," who at a critical moment forgot his assumed name; the quiet occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; the military occupation of certain places, and the arrangement to have them formed into the Sandjak of Novibazar under Austrian administration; the struggle between the Druses and the Maronites; the many bloody dynastic struggles in Serbia; the murder of Michael, "the best ruler which that country had during the century"; the hideous, cold-blooded slaughter of King Alexander and his wife in 1903—for the story of Serbia is the most sanguinary in recent Balkan history; the treatment of the first Bulgarian Prince, and many others, are all here carefully recorded. The naval demonstration before Dulcigno in November, 1880, was, however, not quite so simple a matter as Mr. Miller represents it to have been. Abdul Hamid only gave way when Mr. Goschen informed him that if he continued to refuse, a Turkish seaport would be seized. He was wisely left ignorant of what the port would be. Probably Mr. Miller's admiration for the Greeks hinders him from presenting the farcical side of the Greco-Turkish War of 1897. I have told it elsewhere. It is sufficient to say here that the Greek Government, afraid of the rabble of Athens and with knowledge that Greece had not a chance of success, entered upon the war, fooled round with its army and navy until the favorable moment came, after the show of resistance, for placing itself in the hands of Austria, and did this to prevent a revolution, which would have led to the expulsion of the Royal Family and a probable occupation of Athens by Turkish troops.

Our grandfathers hesitated between two ideals: the first, to preserve the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire; the second, to sympathise with and aid the Balkan races struggling for freedom. Remembering that their great dread was that Russia should take possession of Constantinople, one would have thought they would have

welcomed the establishment of Roumania as the first barrier against that Power in her march to the Bosphorus. Until 1862 nearly all British statesmen opposed it as a step towards destroying the integrity of the Empire. Gladstone, however, and Salisbury, from the first, favored the movement. In 1878 Gladstone added his splendid influence to the movement for the liberation of Bulgaria, and though Salisbury did his best to save Turkey, he soon recognised that Britain had put her money on the wrong horse; Disraeli and his supporters remained for long upholders of the old theory. We are justified, probably, in insisting that the people were usually right in their sympathies with the struggling nationalities, however wrong their leaders may have been.

I have marked a hundred passages in this interesting and valuable book for notice, but space forbids. It will be found interesting by the general reader, and should be within reach of every editor or public man who wants accurate information on the questions of the Near East. The author knows his subject thoroughly and tells his story well.

EDWIN PEARS.

THE CASE FOR WOMAN.

"The Truth About Woman." By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE momentary arrest in the politics of woman suffrage is very far from spelling a slackening or set-back in the movement itself. It is a consequence of the inability of our political parties to adjust themselves to a disturbing demand, an accident due to the influence of one powerful personality. The vitality of the demand for emancipation shows itself continually in new forms, and in none more emphatically than in the broadening and deepening of the debate. Partly, perhaps, because the political outlook is for a brief moment obscure, the intellectual energies which were wholly busied with tactics seem to turn with relief to the larger issues of speculation. The magazines are filled with disquisitions on the future work and place of women in civilised society, and no impulse of change or reform produces books so numerous, so notable, or so thoughtful. It is mainly by their concern with all the lessons and encouragements that can be drawn from biology and anthropology that these contemporary books differ from the writings of the pioneers and founders of the movement. In its origins the demand for the recognition of the full humanity of women was a deduction from larger principles, an application of a general thesis. It sprang by an inevitable logic from the thinking of the French Revolution. Progressive minds had just made the intoxicating discovery that men are what their conditions have made them. Customs and institutions, those schools in which they saw the slaughterhouse of genius, the deliberate shackles of authority, the fetters rivetted by despots and priests—these it was which prevented the human race from attaining its full stature. Looking at their mirrors, the men of that generation marvelled that they fell short of perfection, and they threw the blame upon Calvin's Institutes and the British Constitution. Men, in the striking metaphor of Thomas Holcroft, resembled those beggars who wilfully mutilate the limbs and dwarf the stature of their children to fit them for a life of degradation. An age which revelled in social psychology and loved to explain how the peculiar foibles and basenesses of courtiers, priests, and tradesmen are all due to an artificial education and to the specialised morality of their professions, could not fail to make the special application of their doctrine to women. Holbach among the Encyclopædists was an ardent feminist, and Condorcet in everything that he wrote, from history to drafts of Bills for the Revolutionary Convention, remembered women as readily as most men forget them. When Mary Wollstonecraft gave the whole modern case for emancipation its first full and conscious statement, she had but to apply the ideas which all her advanced contemporaries were using daily in their thoughts about every class and race. It was easy to argue that the inferiority and degradation of women was factitious when every alert mind was using these same ideas about depressed classes and backward races. She protested against the conventions which had given a sex to morals, the social traditions which had condemned women in the world of intellect to an enforced superficiality, and even

intruded the consciousness of sex into the devotions and pieties of religion. If women were morally timid and irresponsible, if they were intellectually second-rate, the reason was because fashion and current morality, and, above all, their economic dependence, had forced them to cultivate and acquire the attitude of servility which pleased their masters. In an inferiority induced by education and enforced by the conditions of the marriage market, there was nothing necessary or innate. Here, if anywhere, one might daily observe the beggars mutilating their children.

It was this stimulating, hopeful line of thought which governed the thinking of the woman's movement throughout its pioneer period, and John Stuart Mill did but restate with deep fervor and minute insight the argument which had fired all the utterances of the revolutionary generation from Condorcet to Shelley. The really new element which has come into the speculative statement of the case since his day is the gift of biology and anthropology. The men of the Revolution argued *a priori* that human nature, and, therefore, woman's nature, is an infinitely malleable stuff, capable of endless variations under the influence of what is called "education," a thing which can be sunk by despotism to a sub-human level, or raised by liberty to the last stages of perfection. The modern thinker is no longer dependent on this hazardous abstract argument. Women who are claiming freedom for their sex and insisting on its dignity, can point to-day to the infinite variety of the experiments which Nature has made among the creatures lower than man, and to the long history of marriage itself as an institution. We have here at length a book, stimulating, well-written, often original, in which these facts of biology and anthropology make the main substance and foundation of the argument. The trend of the reasoning on the whole follows the line of pioneers, but it rests on accumulated knowledge what they evolved from their inner consciousness. The superiority and dominion of the male is not, as a fact, the universal law of nature. It is rather the female who is the predominant partner among primitive organisms, and at this level the male is frequently reduced to a parasitic *yéle*. There are notable exceptions among vertebrate animals to the general rule that the male is the stronger, and among birds, perhaps, the most interesting moral is to be drawn from the comparative failure of the races where the male is the most showy and the most egoistic. One may exaggerate the value of the deductions which can be drawn from these zoological studies, but they serve at least to break down the assumption that the absolute predominance of the male is the necessary law of nature, and the condition which life exacts for its own continuance. The survey of social history is more illuminating. The pioneers of the last years of the eighteenth century, looking about them at the degradation to which women were then reduced, assumed, too hastily, that this had been their general condition in the past history of the race. They showed a fine courage in predicting a better future in spite of what seemed to them a universally depressing past. To our extended vision to-day this state of subjection reveals itself as a mere episode in the evolving relation of the sexes. Anthropology has taught us that civilisation began with a matriarchal phase, and that mother-right was the condition which governed the first consolidation of settled society. Nor was it the brutality of primitive man or the all-importance of physical force which reduced woman to a state of legal and social subjection. The decline in her status came with the development of property, and flowed not from her physical weakness, but from her value as a marketable object. But the ancient world did here and there struggle up towards a conception of marriage and of woman's status which seems enlightened when tried by the standard of the modern ideal. Mrs. Hartley re-tells with spirit and fidelity the discovery of Egyptologists of the happy conditions which prevailed in the early civilisation of the Nile Valley. Much of the primitive good in mother-right survived under the Pharaohs, and the Egyptian laws of property, no less than the sentiment of songs and epitaphs, show that marriage was regarded as a union of equal partners. The evolution of marriage among the Romans makes an even more instructive study. It passed from a despotic rule of absolute property and guardianship vested in the husband into a singularly free and equal union, and the later degradation was evidently a reflection of Oriental influences. Mrs. Hartley has done a real service to the thinking of a popular movement by

transferring these results of research to a book which will be widely read. They convey their lesson of encouragement. Once more human history confirms the vaguer deduction from biology. There is nothing fatal, nor final, nor inevitable in the condition of subjection out of which women have been struggling through two strenuous generations. Their plight in recent centuries, which reached its lowest level in the Early Victorian Age, was neither natural nor universal. It was a phase, an incident, in the history of civilisation, which is bound up with nothing that men need wish to cherish or preserve.

The movement of emancipation has inevitably laid stress on one fundamental tenet. It was concerned to vindicate the claim of women to a full humanity. It fought for education, and battered down the doors that closed careers and shut off opportunities for social service. It reaches its necessary climax in the unanswerable demand for political rights. Its case in this last battle is rooted firmly in the general democratic position. Without the right of citizenship, there is no sure guarantee of protection and equal treatment under a State which claims to regulate the daily lives of women and children as well as men. There is a growing disillusionment to-day with a political life which seems absorbed in unessentials and lost in the party game, but it is, we are sure, a sound instinct which has led the general movement of emancipation to concentrate on the winning of the vote. Apart from its actual value, which will be low in proportion as our politics are trivial and party-ridden, the winning of the vote means much in the larger effort to raise the status of women and to remove the artificial bonds which check their free and self-confident development. Among the means by which the beggars in Holcroft's metaphor have chosen to mutilate and dwarf their children, not the least is the knowledge in which every girl grows up that she is born a member of a sex which is somehow held incapable of the exercise of the elementary duties and rights of a citizen. Such influences are imponderable and invisible. But it would be hard to exaggerate their effect upon a growing mind. It typifies and symbolises all the restraints which have tended to repress the mental development of a young girl, and to fortify the sense of sex-superiority in a young boy. There is a certain failure to realise this among the little school of writers who stand, like Mrs. Hartley, aloof from the main current of the suffragist movement, to which they yield a sincere but somewhat cool assent. On the other hand, their influence is salutary in so far as it reminds us how much wider and deeper is the whole problem of the development of a normal and happy relationship of the sexes than anything which can be solved by a political change. There is a risk that this emphasis upon the common humanity of men and women may tend to dull for a time women's sense of the value and joy of their special functions. Maternity has been used so persistently as a pretext for subjection, that some modern thinkers have been led in the heat of debate to ignore and undervalue its significance. The true logic of a wise feminism insists rather that the supremacy of women in the work of continuing the race is itself the first argument for their freedom.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY AS HE IS.

"Letters to an Eton Boy." By CHRISTOPHER STONE.
(Unwin. 5s. net.)

"The Harrovians." By ARNOLD LUNN. (Methuen. 6s.)

MANY attempts are made to write accounts of school-life, but very few prove at all successful. The schoolboy of fiction is either a conventional prig or a conventional brute; and often in these books there is in the background an irritating moral purpose, some thin plot, or a desire on the part of the author to glorify his particular school.

Here we have two books dealing with two of our best-known public schools. Mr. Stone's volume consists of a series of letters to an Eton boy from a number of tiresome and exceedingly commonplace people. There is the frivolous, foolish, fond mother; the pompous, cultured uncle, who apparently has nothing else to do but give a great deal of sententious advice and indulge in fatiguing reminiscences; the missish girl, who flirts and huffs and makes it up; the fast cousin, who writes preposterous slang, and the schoolboy friends who write pointless rubbish. We hoped in vain that

something original might happen; that the frivolous mother would be ruined, or that the uncle would marry the missish girl. But no; all goes well, and the hero, George Fitz Grannet, ends by getting into the eleven. Before this great climax, however, he bullies a Jew, goes to tea three days running with a merry widow, and has supper after a visit to the Empire with two Eton friends. These are the incidents which cause this wretched boy to be bombarded with a hundred and twenty-two letters. He is greatly to be pitied. There is very little about Eton, but something may be gathered of the peculiarly futile way in which the holidays are spent. The uncle manages, in the course of over thirty letters, to make one or two good comments on school-life from the point of view of the master, rather than that of the boy.

"The Harrovians" is a very different sort of book. There is no attempt at a plot, and indeed very little fiction about it. Mr. Arnold Lunn kept a diary when he was at school, and with the aid of this he has produced something like a photograph of school-life which any public schoolboy will at once recognise as an astonishingly accurate picture. But there is more than photographic accuracy in it, because great skill is shown in the selection of incidents which produce the exact impression of the callous irresponsibility yet spontaneous sincerity of boys in their 'teens; and the atmosphere created brings back with the same vividness as a familiar smell episodes that have almost faded from memory. It is not a book that will please "the authorities," because boys are depicted as they are, not as they ought to be. Boys are by nature shrewd, humorous, and critical; they are also what public schools make them—conventional, intolerant, and conceited. The hero, Peter O'Neil, because he has a vein of originality and is a poor performer at games, has in his first years anything but an easy time. As Mr. Lunn says, "conform or be kicked" is the command written over the portals of every school.

There is not a dull page in the book, but only one or two quotations can be given. The description of the boys' comments on the bishop who drags in cricket metaphors in his address and refers to "my friend, the Princess," is extremely amusing. One of the boys, in summing it up, says:—

"They seem to think we're a lot of stupid yokels who can only be kept awake by cricket shop. Besides, he made such a horrid mess of his remarks. 'Member his cover-point who was 'mighty slippy between the sticks'? And did you spot all that tosh about the Princess—simply dragged in to show he'd met one?"

In fact, as is noted in another passage, the average boy can forgive anything in a master save the vice of heartiness. The truth is that the percentage of boys with a sense of humor is much higher than the percentage of masters so endowed. School sermons are almost invariably subjects for mimicry or uncontrolled giggles. They leave an indelible impression not, unfortunately, in the way that is intended. The present writer can never forget the pain of suppressed hysterics when a portly clergyman, with a rather thick articulation, whose face was covered with what the boys were pleased to call "grog blossoms," took as his text, which he constantly repeated: "When I was nakut, He clothéd me," or asked: "Are we not surrounded by a cloud of wetnurses?"

Public school religion exposes better than anything else the perfunctory, mechanical, and soulless methods of public school education. The hero, Peter, who, it must be confessed, is something of a prig, is driven through the usual process of confirmation, and expects great things of it. But "there is no surer way of deadening the religious sense than by deciding that it shall be specially active on a certain day at a certain time." On returning to his seat after kneeling before the Bishop, he thinks:—

"Is that all? He had somehow expected more, expected that a spiritual current would pass through the Bishop's fingers into his soul. Perhaps the wire had fused. Certainly nothing had happened. He felt very much as usual. He tried to recover himself. He prayed with great violence and fury for the space of a minute. It was no use. There was no getting away from the fact. The whole business had fallen flat, miserably flat."

"The submerged Peter returned with a vengeance. He wanted to go away to some lonely place and swear. He observed with disgust that Gordon's face was buried deep in his hands. He wanted to kick Gordon. After chapel he did kick Gordon."

A Jew is bullied, as in Mr. Stone's book; but instead of its being discussed in a dozen or more tedious letters, it is turned off in a few lines. Moses is chaffed. He turns on his persecutors with: "Well, Christ was a Jew, anyhow!"

"Then they fell upon him and kicked him with right good will. He had outraged their sense of decency; he had defied the tacit convention that accepts Christ as a member of the English county families."

The ragging of the unfortunate Mr. Crabbe is very well described. Mr. Lunn's diary has helped him here to record precisely what the boys did; and he gives vivid reality to the scene of hopeless confusion, culminating in the sham fainting fit of Cadby. Again, the present writer is reminded of a "stinks" lesson at school when an expected explosion took place, which prostrated the entire class on the forms and on the floor, where, in spite of protest, they remained in complete stillness for several minutes, until one boy, rubbing his eyes, asked what time it was. And a certain mathematical master is also recalled who, in explaining a problem in stocks, began: "Now, the man invests." "Please, sir," came the interruption. "Well, what is it?" "Hadh't he got any drawers on, sir?" We can all remember many similar incidents. Boys are merciless once they discover that the master lacks authority and cannot keep order.

The unemployed Socialist orator being greeted with jeers and ridicule is an episode which had an exact parallel at Eton not many years ago. Mr. Ralph Nevill, in "Floreast Etona," tells how the address of an agitator, which was given in School Yard, "merely provoked giggling." Public schools, our Harrovian author declares, do not create—they only fail to expel—class insolence. It would be nearer the truth to say that they foster and encourage class prejudice.

Besides the lighter and more frivolous side of school-life, many serious problems are touched on as they present themselves to the boys—the tyranny of compulsory games, the worship of athletics, the hatred of originality and sentimentality, the rare influence of a sympathetic master, the awakening of self-consciousness, and the curious binding affection which the school, with all its shortcomings, seldom fails to inspire.

But it is not only the faithful portrayal of school-life and the realistic records of boys' conversations, with their mixture of oaths, slang, and wit, that make Mr. Lunn's book remarkable. Without wasting a word, he depicts his characters, including the uncle and the aunt, with great cleverness and without any malice, and he writes his own comments and observations with a lightness and sureness of touch which is very refreshing. His readers indeed may well hope that he continues to keep a diary, to serve again as the foundation for more of these observant reflections on his fellow-men.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PAPACY.

"Church and State in the Middle Ages." The Ford Lectures for 1905. By A. L. SMITH. (Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.)

It is never easy to fix the decisive moments of history, because any given period is the outcome and climax of the past. But the thirteenth century was one of singular ferment; we may see in it "the most creative and decisive period in the modern world." These Lectures are a clear and exceptionally well-documented appreciation of the Papacy of the age, and in particular of the Pontificate of Innocent IV., 1243-1254. The first considers the good and evil of the connection of Britain with Rome; the second, the action of the Papacy upon British social life, illustrated from the province of the law of marriage; the third, the Papacy as a Church-State, the rival of the lay-State; the fourth, the resistance to Provisions, 1248-1250; the fifth, the duel between the Papacy and the Empire; while the last sums up the results of this conflict.

"Was the victory of Innocent IV. a victory for the Church? Was it even a victory for his own plans? He had taken the Church at her highest and best, in the climax of the thirteenth century, that glorious flowering-time of the Middle Ages, and in eleven years had destroyed half her power for good, and had launched her irretrievably upon a downward course. He

had crushed the greatest ruling dynasty since the Cæsars, and ruined the greatest attempt at government since the fall of Rome. In ruining the Empire he had ruined also the Papacy. Was this a victory? Dante puts in the black, starless air of the outer circle of the Inferno the shade of him *che fece lo gran rifiuto*. Of all Dante's tremendous verdicts, none has such a bitter ring of acorn as this. It is generally interpreted of one particular Pope; but it might well stand as judgment on the whole Papacy of the thirteenth century, when it bartered spiritual leadership for temporal rule, the legacy of St. Peter for the fatal dower of Constantine."

The key to the age is the nearness of savagery, a feature of medieval as of Greek civilisation which needs emphasising. "Beneath this thin crust of social order and religion there lay the slumbering fires of a bloody and licentious paganism"; the Penitentials give "an awful vision of the Augean stable of a Christendom as yet only half Christian"; "the savagery of the Teutonic world, the corruption of the classic world, jostled at every turn the mysticism and ideal purity of Christianity. Not without reason do the evil spirits take the names and forms of the old heathen deities. The battle between the new Christianity and the old barbarism was but half won." This accounts for the atavism of medieval religion; the Gospel was too great for the age. It was more important that law should be imposed than that this law should be the best possible law, or even the best of which the circumstances admitted; the wild beast in man had to be tamed.

The lecturer's summing-up of Matthew Paris is a model of character-drawing; and his references to that typically English writer to whom "we owe some of our deepest and dearest prejudices," are illuminating. So, too, with Giraldus Cambrensis, a historian whose frankness may excite the admiration of a more conventional age. Of clerical celibacy—and he lived in an age of clerical celibacy—his judgment is that it is "an unattainable aim. He points out that it was not ordered in the Gospels or by the Apostles, but only introduced in the West for the sake of decorum and purity; but now it has broken down." And of the salvation of bishops—"I do not say that bishops cannot be saved; but I do say that it is in our days harder for them than for other men."

On not a few points of detail the lecturer, in his anxiety to be fair to what, in England at least, has been the losing side, judges the Papacy too favorably. When Dr. Maitland's "Dark Ages" was published, a reaction against the extravagance of the Protestant tradition was called for. Since then, however, the swing of the pendulum has gone far in the other direction: the rehabilitation of the substance of this tradition, and of the common-sense on which it was based, is required. It is true that the Papacy could not "administer the whole world without taxing it," but it is truer that its extortions were iniquitous and intolerable. It is possible that "clerical celibacy was a necessary step in the spiritualisation of Europe," but it is certain that from the first it worked (in Loisy's phrase) as "*un ferment perpétuel d'impureté*"; and, while the influence of Rome was at times employed to check abuses in the Cisalpine Churches, the state of these Churches, bad as it was, was less bad than that of the Church of Rome. "In Romana curia, ubi deberet paradus esse coelicarum virtutum, inveniebat factorem infernalium vitiorum," was the complaint of St. Catherine of Siena to Gregory XI. "Ad hæc pontifex subituit," adds Raymond of Capua. The harshest language of Puritanism on the Papacy was taken over from Catholic writers: the number of the Beast, 666, was found by his contemporaries in the name of Innocent, and the conclusion that the Pope was anti-Christ was drawn. Few, if any, great institutions have been mischievous in their idea and inception; it is their over-long survival that produces deterioration and decay. This is true of the Papacy.

"That it led to vast abuses, to a perversion of the loftiest beliefs for the most corrupt and tyrannical ends, is a commonplace of history. But to confuse the last state with the first, to deny that what came to be bad was ever good in idea and intent, this is not historical. Whether such a corruption was not inherent and inevitable in the attempt to work a super-human system by fallible human instruments, whether it is not inherent in the very design of thus cutting up religion into a thing of books and chapters and sections, of precedents and commentaries, may well be asked. But these are questions for others."

This is, perhaps, pushing the principle of the division of labor too far. It is certain that it was from this evil root

that the acute secularisation of the Papacy—its unscrupulousness, its complete want of principle—rose.

"When Innocent IV. told the Cistercians he meant to fight Frederick with 'the spiritual sword,' there was a hideous sincerity in his boast. Everything spiritual, everything religious, became a means to one political end. The revenues and offices of the Church, its disciplinary and penitential system, its highest ideas of the Cross, its lowest pecuniary motives, its very sacraments, were forged into weapons. From this prostitution Papal policy was never hereafter to shake itself free."

In estimating the relation of the Papacy to the Church of the period, Mr. Smith, we think, builds more on the *plenitudo potestatis* than it will bear. This *plenitudo* was undoubtedly the sense of the canon law, and a factor of the situation in which thirteenth-century churchmen found themselves. They had, therefore, to adapt themselves to it—much as British Liberals, till the other day, had to adapt themselves to the veto of the House of Lords. It is in this sense that "the acknowledgment that knocks the bottom out of all resistance" was made by such men as Grosseteste. But it does not follow, and (in view of the prominence of the school of Marsilius of Padua less than a century later) it is very unlikely, that this position of the canon law was generally regarded as a theological dogma. As long as Catholicism remained European, the Popes never quite succeeded in imposing their full claims upon the Church. At times they came very near doing so. But almost is not altogether. The Papacy represented the Latin element in the Church; and it was not till the Church was completely Latinised that the Papal theocracy was completely formulated in theory, or fully realised in fact. This theocracy contains in itself the principle of its dissolution. For

"the opposition between Church and State expresses an opposition between the two sides of human nature, which we must not too easily label as good and evil, the heavenly and the earthly, the sacred and the profane. For the State, too, is divine as well as the Church, and may have its own ideals and sacramental duties, and its own prophets, even its own martyrs. The opposition of Church and State is to be regarded rather as the pursuit of one great aim, pursued by contrasted means. The ultimate aim of all true human activity must be, in the noble words of Bacon, 'the glory of God, and the relief of man's estate.' And this aim may be approached either by the way of compulsion, organisation, legislation—in fact, by political means; or else by the way of conviction and inspiration—in fact, by the means of religion. If this be a just distinction, then where the Middle Ages failed was in attempting to unite the two spheres too closely, to give the Church the organisation and form of a political State—that is, to turn religion from an indwelling spirit into an ecclesiastical machinery."

CHRISTIANITY IN SOCIAL LIFE.

"Social Service: Its Place in the Society of Friends." (Swarthmore Lecture.) By JOSHUA ROWNTREE. (Headley Brothers. 1s. net.)

"Two hundred and fifty years ago," writes Mr. Joshua Rowntree, "the Society of Friends grew up in the conviction that Christianity is a life, and not a system." In the Swarthmore Lecture for 1913, he traces the practical outcome of this ideal in the social life of the day, in the varying forms of altruistic effort which are covered by the idea of social service. It is a study of deep human interest, though the limits of space imposed upon the writer necessarily prevent as full an account as we could have wished of the social teaching and practice of some of the men of whom he writes. He gives us a stimulating vision of the effect of the spirit of seventeenth-century Quakerism in raising the status of womanhood, and in bringing a just and humane standard into commercial life, showing the earnest desire of Fox and others for a reform of the cruel penal system of the day, and their attempts to grapple with the evils of poverty.

Especially interesting is the work of John Bellers (1654-1725), whose writings appealed so strongly to Robert Owen and to Karl Marx, with his carefully thought-out proposals for national Colleges of Industry as a radical solution of the problem of poverty. They were to do away with "all useless trades, lawyers, bad debts, beggars, and much now wasted house room." Bellers realised the waste of national resources involved in the needless loss of life from disease, and planned a scheme of national medical service; he endeavored, also, to promote international

economy by his proposals for a supreme court to settle disputes between the nations, reminding his readers that Muscovites were Christians, and Mohammedans men, and that "beating out their brains to put sense into them is a great mistake," a lesson which we have still to apply in practice. He even ventured to appeal to the Archbishop and clergy for an interdenominational conference which might remove some of the misunderstandings leading to sectarian bitterness, adding, with perhaps some thought of the beautiful phrases of the Anglican collects: "What is prayed for of God above, men must be instrumental to accomplish here below, there being few, if any, who believe He will make His angels visible to do it." The life and work of Bellers would form material for a volume which, it is to be hoped, may some day be given to the world. The limitations fixed by the scale of Mr. Rowntree's work are most felt, perhaps, in the single paragraph which deals with John Woolman, that gentlest, most unselfish, and most lovable of Christian social reformers, whose pure, clear English fits so admirably the beautiful thoughts it clothes—thoughts which appeal with singular power to-day to men weary of a complex and materialistic civilisation.

The last thirty pages of this essay constitute a powerful appeal to the present generation of Quakerism to take up its heritage, and face the social evils of to-day with the spirit which inspired the best thoughts and efforts of their forefathers—men and women whose influence was in many cases so much beyond what their education or intellectual attainments warranted, a stream of life deeper and richer than their attempts to explain it, flowing out beyond the limits of sect and race, and touching and transforming with a divine alchemy many an obscure, plain, seemingly uninteresting life, until the desert places blossomed with flowers.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Ships and Ways of Other Days." By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 16s. net.)

THIS is the third of Mr. Keble Chatterton's books about ships, and it contains a great deal of interesting material that forms a sort of complement to the information given in its two predecessors. Its aim is to tell, "not why the dug-out became in time an ocean carrier, but rather how men managed to build, launch, equip, and fit out different craft in all ages." He accordingly traces maritime development from the days of the Phœnicians, through the Middle Ages, and down to the nineteenth century. This has been a huge task, but Mr. Chatterton's researches for his earlier volumes must have stood him in good stead, and he has now produced a book that will fascinate every lover of things maritime. It is impossible to deal with the narrative in detail, and we can only say with the author that the subject is a fascinating one and that he handles it in a fascinating manner. The book is packed with curious information, while the large number of excellent illustrations add greatly to its value and interest.

"Gardens for Small Country Houses." By GERTRUDE JEKYLL and LAWRENCE WEAVER. ("Country Life," 15s. net.)

THE aim of the writers of this book is the decidedly practical one of furnishing those who possess country houses and gardens with advice which will enable them to set off both to the best advantage. Starting with the maxim that "it is upon the right relation of the garden to the house that its value and the enjoyment to be derived from it will largely depend," a number of selected gardens are described, their beauties commended, and their defects noted. Then follow chapters on steps and stairways, balustrades and walls, hedges, methods of paving, gates, statues and vases, sundials, and other matters, that may occupy the attention of the gardener who aims at a picturesque result. In nearly all cases the advice is based on actual observation, and the work will be especially useful to people lucky enough to come into possession of a house and garden which they have the time and money to remodel in accordance with their own notions. The helpfulness of the work is augmented by an exceptionally large number of photographs and plans.

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THE Stock Markets this week have been very quiet, and there has been no sign of a boom in any direction, in spite of the great improvement in monetary conditions. Much attention was attracted by the enormous strength of the reserve at the Bank of England last week, which totalled £32,361,000. There has not been such a figure as this at the end of August in any year of the present century. Undoubtedly, a reduction in the Bank rate would have been fully justified last week or this; but the directors perhaps thought it rather late for such a move, and also wanted to discover the extent of the Egyptian demand for gold. The American markets are still suffering from the Mexican troubles, and from the enormous losses caused to the maize crop by the drought of August, which exerts a prospective effect on Wall Street. The most interesting question, however, for high finance just now is the Balkan problem. How are the combatants to get money? Apparently, the Greek Government is trying to curry favor in Berlin by giving an order for a battleship to a German yard. This will, of course, add to its embarrassments and difficulties in the long run. It seems quite possible, however, that the Balkan States will endeavor to secure temporary accommodation by ordering battleships, cruisers, guns, and munitions of war from the great armament firms, most of which have banking connections. Thus Vickers' have just launched a battleship for Turkey, and Turkey will expect this to be paid for by loans from England. Servian finance seems to depend on Creusot, and the Bulgarians are endeavoring to negotiate a small loan of £1,200,000 in Austria, which will probably be associated with an order to the Skoda Armament Company. On the whole, the financial outlook for genuine investors in the Balkans is about as bad as it can be. Modern Chinese finance seems to be of the same description; for the "Times" correspondent in Vienna reports that the Chinese Government is negotiating another loan in Austria, which is to be employed in purchasing three cruisers from the Austrian armament factories. It is a dangerous game; for it must bring the countries concerned into a composition which will be very painful to bondholders. But the bankers and manufacturers of armaments hope to get out with their capital and profits before the roof falls on the investing public! I should add that an unpleasant impression is caused by the Cuban Government's decree in the matter of the Cuban Ports Company. Serious allegations of corruption are made by the President, in explanation of his action against the company.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

Americans have been very disappointing to the speculator recently. The level of prices has remained at a low figure for so long now that bulls, while confident as ever that the magnates of Wall Street will engineer a boom sooner or later, have given up hope of an early improvement. Just lately the market showed signs of reviving under the stimulus of the good crop reports and of the prospect of cheap money, as the result of the Treasury's offer to lend Government funds for the purpose of financing the crops. This week, however, another cold douche has been administered in the shape of a most disappointing cotton crop report and also of an impending suit against the Reading Company on the lines of the Union Pacific dissolution. The Reading Company controls the anthracite coal roads, and is a property of great value as at present constituted. Whether a dissolution would destroy its earning power is open to question. The prices of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific stocks remain low, although the dissolution is now in process of accomplishment. Some uncertainty surrounds the probable effect of the

exchange on the earning power of the Union Pacific, but the company should have no difficulty at all in keeping up its 10 per cent. dividend. The Illinois Central "cut" and the fear of a reduction on the Chesapeake have made many stockholders nervous regarding dividends, but there is no doubt that most are earning the dividends now paid, and ought to be able to maintain them without difficulty. Yields on some of the sound common stocks are as follows:—

	1913.	Present	Div.	Yield.	
	Highest.	Lowest.	Price.	%	£ s. d.
Atchison	110½	94½	99	6	6 3 9
Baltimore & Ohio	109½	93	90½	6	6 3 6
Chic., Mil., & St. Paul	119½	103½	110	5	4 13 6
Gt. Northern Pref. ...	136½	120½	131	7	5 10 3
New York Central	112½	98	100½	5	5 2 0
Norfolk & Western	116½	101½	108	6	5 14 3
Northern Pacific	126½	104½	115½	7	6 5 0
Pennsylvania (\$50)	63½	54½	58	6	5 5 3
Reading Co. (\$50)	86 15-16	77½	83½	8	4 17 6
Southern Pacific	112½	90½	92½	6	6 12 6
Union Pacific	167	140½	156½	10	6 10 6

The yields on Atchison, Northern Pacific, and Great Northern Pref., and Southern Pacific, and Union Pacific all look attractive at over 6 per cent. These are lines whose traffics depend most upon crops, but, at the same time, they offer most scope for appreciation. New York Central give only a trifle over 5 per cent., which is less than the return on Pennsylvania, though the dividend is not so secure.

JAPANESE BONDS.

There are some curious anomalies in the prices at present quoted for the various Imperial loans of the Japanese Government, arising out of the fact that Stock Exchange prices seldom take into account to a sufficient degree the effect of redemption provisions. All the Japanese loans may be redeemed at any time unless it is expressly stipulated otherwise, and all have dates of maturity by which they must be repaid or renewed. The sterling loans we set out below:—

	Maturing.	Prices of 1913.		Present	Yield
		Highest.	Lowest.	Price.	£ s. d.
4% Loan, 1890 ...	1954	82½	77½	80	5 1 0
4½% " 1905 (1st Series) ...	1925	95½	88½	92	5 8 9
4½% Loan, 1905 (2nd Series) ...	1925	95½	87½	92	5 9 3
4% 1905 ...	1931	89	79½	84½	5 9 0
5% 1907 ...	1947	102	94½	100½	5 1 0
4% 1910 ...	1970	85½	76	79	5 4 0

In the case of the two 4½ per cent. loans and the 4 per cent. loan of 1905 their comparatively short terms are not sufficiently taken into account, and these three loans yield nearly 5½ per cent. The 4½ per cent. loans are perhaps the more attractive, as they yield very nearly 5 per cent. on interest alone. It is clear, from the different prices of the three 4 per cent. loans, that market prices make some allowance for the terms of redemption, but the yields, which include the prospective appreciation before redemption, show that insufficient weight is given to this important factor.

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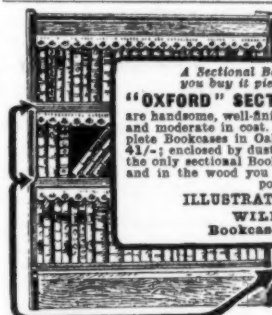
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